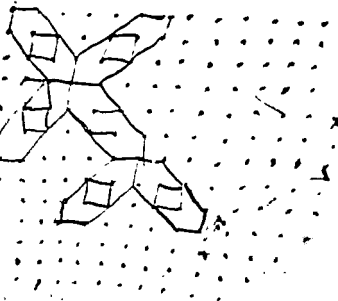


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*. The titles in italics are those of Poetical Lessons.

FIFTH BOOK.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

In the 18th of May, 1845, two ships left the port of Greenhithe, on the Kent shore of the Thames, to make the hazardous voyage in search of the North-west passage. For nearly three hundred years sailors had believed that such a passage existed, and many a daring voyage of discovery had been entered upon, many a brave life had been sacrificed in the attempt to find it. All such attempts hitherto had been in vain.

But there was great hope that these two good ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, would succeed where so many had failed; for Sir John Franklin was the commander of the expedition. He had already led several expeditions to the north, and was now sixty years of age; but he had still the courage and energy of youth. The First Lord of the Admiralty had hesitated to give the command to one of Sir John's age.

"You know, Sir John," he said, "you are sixty years old."

"No, my lord," cried Franklin, "only fifty-

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FIFTH BOOK.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

On the 18th of May, 1845, two ships left the little port of Greenhithe, on the Kent shore of the Thames, to make the hazardous voyage in search of the North-west passage. For nearly three hundred years sailors had believed that such a passage existed, and many a daring voyage of discovery had been entered upon, many a brave life had been lost, in the attempt to find it. All such attempts had hitherto been in vain.

But there was great hope that these two good ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, would succeed where so many had failed; for Sir John Franklin was commander of the expedition. He had already led several expeditions to the north, and was now nearly sixty years of age; but he had still the courage and energy of youth. The First Lord of the Admiralty had hesitated to give the command to a man of Sir John's age.

"You know, Sir John," he said,

years old."

"No, no, my . . ."
nine!"

This buoyant spirit infected all the 130 members of the expedition, and it was with blithe hearts that they started to face the perils of the long arctic voyage.

On the 26th of July in the same year, the two ships spoke an Aberdeen whaler off the entrance of Lancaster Sound; a fair wind bore them away westward, and they vanished into the unknown. From that day nothing was heard of them. News of the expedition was anxiously awaited at home. Skipper returning from the north were eagerly questioned for tidings of Franklin and his ships; all made the same disheartening reply. Months passed away; the months lengthened into years; still no news. As the ships had been provisioned for only three years, people began to be seriously alarmed. The government was called upon to send out expeditions in search of the missing vessels, and during ten years no fewer than thirty-nine expeditions were sent out for this purpose.

In spite of this activity nothing was heard until 1851, when Captain Ommanney discovered on Beechy Island the remains of a store-house, empty casks, meat tins, and—most touching relic of all—a little garden laid out by some flower-loving sailor, and filled with a few hardy plants. Three years later, another search-party learnt from the Eskimo that, several winters before, a number of men had been seen travelling over the ice. The Eskimo



Relics of the Franklin Expedition. (For explanation, see p. 302.)

THE SONG OF THE NORTH.

record of the expedition ever discovered. From this they learnt that on May 24, 1847, all was well but that three weeks later Sir John Franklin died and that the ships, after having been ice-bound nearly nine months, were then deserted. It is quite certain from this that the whole party perished of cold and hunger, in an attempt to retreat over the ice. Presently a boat was found, in which two skeletons lay, amid a heap of tattered clothing, some guns, watches, books, soap, sponges, saws, knives, and other articles. All these sad relics were carefully collected and brought home, to be placed in the Naval Museum, Greenwich.

Such was the sad fate of Sir John Franklin. He had discovered the North-west passage, though he had not sailed through it; and he was fortunate in dying happy in his discovery, and ignorant of the terrible fate in store for his brave companions.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH. 221

"Away, away," cried the stout Sir John,

"While the blossoms are on the trees,

For the summer is short, and the time speeds on

As we sail for the Northern Seas.

Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz-James:

We will startle the world, I trow,

When we find a way through the Northern Seas

That never was found till now!

FIFTH BOOK.

And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to wake no more.

(Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child—
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
As the long years pass away—
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And the good Sir John have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound;
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore,
That circles the frozen pole;
There is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul.)

↓ A JOURNEY TO MECCA.—I

It is sometimes forgotten, by people who boast of the bravery of the soldiers who have helped build up the British Empire, that much splendid work has been done by men who were not soldiers. For instance, it was in great measure the labour of Dr. Livingstone and Sir Richard Burton that opened up Central Africa, and paved the way for the traders and officials who are now developing that great continent.

(The life of an explorer is one, beset with hardship and danger.) No traveller ever faced greater perils or went through more thrilling adventures, than Sir Richard Burton. When quite a young man

the service of the East India Company, he had already won a reputation for pluck and daring.

But the greatest feat of his life was his famous journey to Mecca. That city, the holy city of the Moslems, is visited every year by many thousands of Mohammedan pilgrims from all parts of the East. Before Burton's time, only one European had been known to enter the city, and Burton, eager to see for himself the ceremonies performed at the shrine of the Prophet, determined at all risks to visit Mecca.

The only possible way of doing so was to disguise himself as a pilgrim, and join a travelling caravan. (Such a course was full of difficulty and danger, but that only made it the more welcome to Burton's dauntless spirit.) He could speak Arabic so well as to send the Arabs into fits of laughter with his sunny stories. (He set himself to imagine every difficulty that might arise, for he knew that one slip, one error that revealed him to his fellow pilgrims, would cost him his life.) He went through a long course of preparation, even learning to shoe horses, so that he might seem to be a travelling Arab blacksmith.

(He studied closely the habits and customs of the Arabs, and at length, having gained the secret password of the pilgrims, he ventured to join one of their great caravans.) His face, arms, and legs he had stained a light brown; long hair fell on his

shoulders, and a long beard waved in the wind. In his eastern dress, with a spear in his hand, he looked every inch an Arab, and was admitted to the caravan without question.

He says: "I hired a couple of camels, and put my Meccan boy and baggage on one, while I took the other. I then had before me an eighty-mile ride in mid-summer, on a bad wooden saddle, across the Suez desert. (Above, through a sky terrible in its stainless beauty, and the splendours of a pitiless glare, the hot wind caresses you like a lion with flaming breath.)

{ Around lie drifted sand-heaps, over which he who rides is spurred by the idea that the bursting of a water-skin, or the pricking of a camel's hoof, would mean a certain death of torture. (A haggard land, infested with wild beasts, and wilder men; a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words, 'Drink and away!') }

"At Suez we embarked on an open boat of about 60 tons. She had no means of reefing, no compass, no log, no sounding-line, no chart. Ninety-seven pilgrims came on deck. They were all bare-footed, bare-headed, dirty, fierce, and armed. Even the hardened Arabs and Africans suffered on the voyage from the heat. When I stepped ashore, after a fortnight on this boat, the heat of the sun, the heavy night dews, and the constant washing of the waves over me, had so affected

one of my feet that I could hardly put it to the ground.

"We at last arrived at El Hamra, the Red Village, and in about four hours joined the caravan. That evening we were attacked by wandering Arabs, and we had fighting for nearly the whole way. We lost twelve men, some camels, and other beasts of burden. I had intended to stay for a few days at the first city we reached, and then push on for Mecca by a quick caravan which started a little later than the others. But a rumour arose that it was not to go.

"The following morning my man Hamid returned hurriedly from the bazaar, exclaiming: 'You must make ready at once, all pilgrims start to-morrow. Have you the water-skins in order? You are to travel by another road, where you will not see water for three days'

"Poor Hamid looked terror-struck as he concluded this fearful announcement, which, however, filled me with joy, because no European had ever yet crossed the desert by this route. So on the morrow we started, and after an hour's travel, the caravan halted to take farewell of the city. We dismounted to gaze on the distant minarets, and the green dome which covers the tomb of the Prophet. The heat was dreadful, the climate dangerous, and the beasts died in numbers. (We travelled chiefly at nights; the camels had to

I walked seven times round the famous black
 stone, (and pushed a way for myself) through the
 immense crowd pressing
 to kiss it. While kissing
 it and rubbing hands and



Pilgrim's Dress.



Burton disguised as an Arab

d upon it, I
 ly observed
 came away

ed that it is an aerolite. All this time
 grims stood uncovered in the blazing sun,

and suffered tortures with scorched hands and burning heads.

"At last we were allowed to put off the pilgrim's garb. Just before leaving the place I was sent for. I thought, now something is going to happen to me; now I am suspected. A crowd had gathered round the shrine, and a cry arose 'Open a path for the Haji who would enter the house.' Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the holy building.

"At the entrance I was accosted by several dark-looking officials, who inquired my nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and a boy was ordered to conduct me round the building, and to recite the prayers.

"I will not deny it, that, looking at the windowless walls, the officers at the door, and a crowd of excited Moslems below, I felt like a trapped rat. A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. I did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during the long prayer, and drawing a rough plan of the building with a pencil on my white *ihram*.

"I returned home quite exhausted, and began to leave Mecca. I slowly travelled with my caravan down to the sea, and then made my way to the British Consulate. The attendants, however,



The Camp of the Pilgrims at the foot of Mount Ararat.

looking men in wonderful (costume), lying here and there, singing or dancing.

"A glorious moon lights our tripod and kettle, and jackals howl and chatter as they sniff the savoury bones. If you remain (breathless) it is the prettiest thing to see them play in the moonlight, jumping over one another's backs. But if one, smelling food, runs round your tent, the shadow on the canvas is so large, that it frightens you.

"We lived partly like Arabs and partly like farmers at home. We made our own bread; we bought butter and milk from the Arabs; we bought sheep or kids from shepherds passing with their flocks. We woke at dawn, and after a cup of tea, we used to take the dogs and set off for long walks among the distant mountains."

Some distance from where the Burtons at one time lived was a warlike tribe of Arabs, who were greatly feared by the neighbouring tribe. So Burton quietly resolved to visit the chief, who was in camp with some five thousand of his soldiers, and to make peace between the two tribes. He accordingly rode out into the desert with an escort; but as soon as his Arabs found out where he was going, they began to desert him. First one and then another made some excuse for returning, pretending either that they could not manage their horses, or that the (harness needed attention.)

At last Lady Burton and her husband found

themselves riding alone. She says: "We rode on all that day, slept by our horses at night, and got in sight of the encampment late next day. Richard



said to me: 'Now mind, when they see us two, they will come galloping across the sand in a body, with their lances couched. If we were to turn and run, they would spear us; but if we sit still on our horses, facing them like statues, they will welcome

... when they join us
... their time of summer
... are decorated with trees
... the Australian bush ma
... and tens of miles from
... does not forget Christmas
... dear memories of the old
... Lucky for him if he
... home from whom he can
... presents, or at least a Christmas
... he is still remembered. The
... hut are adorned the whole
... those brightly coloured pictures
... this season with the illustrated
... pleasure in the furthest corners
... living all alone) with little (to vary
... of tea) flour and mutton which
... the poor fellow cannot have much
... dinner) but one has heard of such
... to make a plum pudding for him-
... he had nothing to (boil it in but his

where we have so many soldiers and
... on the same side of the Equator as
... its seasons come at the same time.
... is so much nearer the Equator,
... "d weather" there is often what
... (tryingly hot) (None the less)

Englishmen there keep up Christmas as heartily as if their noses were nipped by frost instead of being tanned by a heat in which one can hardly trust oneself out at noon.) Plum-puddings are sometimes sent all the way from England for the Christmas dinners of these exiles, (but they cannot send us home the warm sun) that allows them to hold picnics early in the morning. (To deck their houses and churches they have no want of greenery) (which at this season (is apt) to be dusty rather than damp.) In some parts there grows a plant with leaves very like holly, and this, with artificial berries (stuck) on to make it look (as if it were real holly, is used for decoration,—) (so eager are these English exiles to recall their own country.)

People who have never lived in tropical lands can hardly understand how dear to those exiles is the remembrance of the ivied church, of the carols in the frosty darkness, of the warm firesides gleaming out cheerily through snow and rain. Men brought up in our climate grow tired of the foreign suns which shine for weeks and months together; and the showers that come at last to lay the thick dust are (hailed) as joyfully as the first blossoms of our spring.

Where pine-apples are as common as potatoes, and oranges as acorns; where trees grow as tall as church towers, and the wild forests are choked up with plants which, at home grown only in hot-

(Ten years ago the then Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, with his wife and a large company, travelled over the whole course of *this Canadian Pacific Railway*), and Lady Macdonald wrote an interesting account of what she saw and heard during that long journey. One of the most striking incidents was a conference between Sir John and the Blackfeet Indians, who had some grievances they wished to discuss with "their Brother-in-law", as they called the Premier. The following is part of Lady Macdonald's description:—

"The soft rapid tread of many moccasined feet passing near the car warned us, about 6 a.m., that the Blackfeet were assembling. It was a pretty sight soon afterwards when they came towards us, mounted and in gala dress, tearing across the prairie in the early sunshine, their wild hair streaming, their coloured trappings flying, their strong, large dark faces framed in fantastic head-gear.

"On the slopes around the station and car, hundreds of men were already grouped. They had formed a large square, and stood packed in rows one behind the other, stolid and silent. A few were smoking, and the curl of a smoker's breath here and there was the only movement visible in the wild picturesque crowd that squatted on the airie.

"Their garments of many colours were striped and fringed, and rudely decorated with quills and

feathers, coins, shells, pebbles, fur, and even scalps with their long locks tangled together. Leggings of deer-hide, with a fringe on the outside edge, met moccasins tied with thongs round the ankle. All the men had long unkempt black hair. Some wore it braided, or falling in strings, or drawn across the forehead. Many faces and breasts were painted or dyed in broad wavy lines of red and blue, with little crescents of colour on the forehead, producing a most awesome effect.

"Though the morning was apparently warm, very many wore blankets drawn squarely round the shoulders, and even over the head. A-field about the prairie, at some little distance from their lords, a large number of squaws, young and old, with children of all ages among them, swarmed leisurely about while tethering horses, putting up tents, or making fires. Many more sat, or rather squatted, on the short grass, with blanketed heads and shoulders.

"Babies, brown, shining and healthy, cuddled about these women, wearing generally the smallest, shortest possible garment, made of thin print. Squaws and papooses were alike decorated with coloured beads in strings and loops, and I saw one fat black-eyed infant whose sole vestment was a string of pale-blue beads round the left leg!

"In an hour all was ready for the Conference to begin. Our party had seats on a low platform;

before them the Blackfeet sat massed together, (their dark faces and strong square forms outlined against the prairie's low green wave.) In the front rank all the Chiefs had taken their places—Old Sun, Three Bulls, Lone Horn, Running Wolf, and the rest. A French and Indian half-breed, named Mr. Bill Gladstone, stood near as interpreter."

A CONFERENCE WITH RED INDIANS.—II.

An old chief named Crowfoot was spokesman on behalf of the Indians. It appeared that their grievances were few and slight. They complained of the 'fire waggons' which burnt their crops near the line of railway. They complained that when they sold their potatoes they did not get a piece of money for every one of them! Sir John Macdonald answered Crowfoot in a kind speech which seemed to satisfy the Indians, and then presents were distributed—hats, pipes, cases of tea and boxes of tobacco.

Then some of the younger chiefs offered to show their Brother-in-law a sham fight. "Suddenly a loud drumming noise attracted our attention—the *Tom-tom*, or call to arms: In a round shallow hole dug in the prairie four braves crouched, energetically beating a large roughly-made drum, and uttering strange shrill cries. Soon the drumming grew

more rapid, the cries louder and more vehement, rising to a state of high excitement, the drummers, shouting wildly, wielded their short sticks and brandished their long naked arms.

(The effect on the Indians was magical.) (The prairie, so still in the warm veiled sunlight a moment before, now swarmed with hurrying figures.) The tribe sprang into life at the well-known call to battle. The braves, mounting rapidly, and carrying every kind of fire-arm, galloped madly about, whooping and shouting, their faces fierce with angry scowls.

"A scene of wild acting followed. Ranging themselves in hostile lines, the Blackfeet, breaking into savage war-whoops, surged and rushed together with such fury that it was hard to believe the whole proceeding was only a good sham, and not downright earnest. Fierce and desperate indeed seemed these wild men as they galloped hither and thither, loading, firing quick rounds, reloading, firing again and again till the solitude echoed with noise of battle. Hanging to their horses, these strange figures tore over the prairie, the air ringing with their cries and yells.

"It was pretty to see the vanishing riders, as they swept along in their bright attire, rein in suddenly and stand like statues. To my eye the feint of scalping prostrate enemies was very alarming. It was impossible to help reflecting what would be

the consequence if that sharp, bright knife slipped when so near the defenceless crown. Indeed, I thought one of the young braves looked quite regretfully at the long scalp-lock he held, as if he half wished the jest were earnest."

— Adapted from "Murray's Magazine", by permission
of Mr John Murray

✓ A HERO.

It must have been about a couple of hours after I had gone to my berth that I awoke with the curious sensation that something had happened. I sat up a little dazed, and then became aware of the fact that we were not moving. I felt annoyed and disturbed, and waited a moment, sitting upright in my berth, thinking it was only my fancy that the engines were still, and the ship at rest.

A second or two of dead silence, broken only by the swish and lapping of the waves, was enough to convince me, sleepy as I was. We *had* stopped! Stopped suddenly in the midst of the ocean.

I was sailor enough to know that this must mean either some injury to the engines, or that we had stopped to pick up something. In a few moments I was on deck, with an overcoat pulled over my sleeping flannels.

When I reached the bridge steps, I met the Captain running down.

"Come down, Doctor; I'm afraid this is a job for you."

At the foot of the last steps we found three firemen preparing to carry young Graeme up the narrow stairway. He was lying on his face, his right arm twisted behind his back, and his shirt torn to ribbons. The arm was nearly torn from the shoulder.

Graeme was dead. At the moment when he had stopped the mad career of the engine, one of the flying broken rods had swung round and dashed to the ground the (cool young head.) (The gallant fellow, whose prompt calm daring had saved us from a terrible death, had died a sacrifice to the tameless fury of the force he had guided and controlled so well.)

(At his post, and face to the foe, like a soldier he had died, and, like a soldier, when his work was done.)

We carried him on deck, and laid him for one more short rest, among all his belongings, in his own small cabin. The next day we buried him, very quietly, laying him in the heaving waves.

It was a dull, hazy day, and the sun came out just for a moment, and softly touched the bare heads of his comrades on the deck, and the bright colours of the Union Jack which covered him. Under it on his breast was a sprig of white heather we had found in his cabin, stuck in the frame of

a picture under which was written, "Our house at home".

The brave lad was lucky! It is not every man that gets the chance, as he did, to die like a hero, and does it—as he did it.

—F. Harrison Clabbe. ✓ From "Murray's Magazine",
by permission of the author and Mr John Murray.



Left

A wet sheet and a flowing sea—
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free.
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—Allan Cunningham.

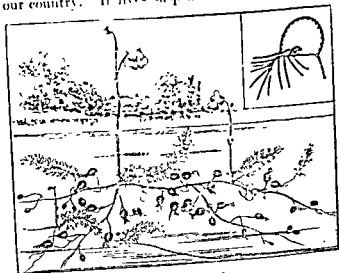
FLESH-EATING PLANTS.

Flesh-eating plants? Nonsense; there are no such things!

Indeed there are. They have no cooks or roasting-jacks, it is true; but there are no fewer than five hundred kinds of plants which support life on insects or small animals. They do not hunt for them; they have no butchers' shops, of course: the flesh indeed comes to the eater without having to be hunted or bought. The luckless insect is trapped, just as the fly is trapped by the spider, or the silver

fox by the hunter in the woods of British North America.

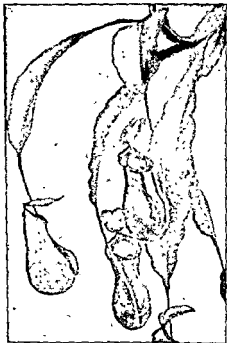
One of these curious plants is the Bladderwort, which may be found on many a moor and bog in our country. It lives suspended in water, and has



Bladderworts in a pond.
In the corner is shown a magnified section of a single bladder.

no root; and in winter, the leaves at the end of the floating stem enlarge themselves and form winter-buds, which are pulled down into the water by the decaying stem. In spring the buds elongate and become bladders, and rise to near the surface of the pool, where little animals in countless numbers are swimming to and fro.

A water-flea, let us suppose, is swimming for its life away from some larger animal that is chasing it.



The Pitcher Plant

It comes up to a bladder of the Bladderwort, and presses against it, when a tiny door instantly opens and the insect is safe. Is it? By and by, when

the danger is past, it tries to get back. There is the door indeed, but it is now shut fast; it opens only inwards, and the insect is caged. Struggle as it may, it cannot escape: within the bladder it is starved to death or suffocated, and then the plant sucks its juices into its own body.

But why did not the larger insect pursue it into the bladder? Because it was prevented. The little valve door is guarded on the outside by a number of stiff bristles, which allowed the tiny thing to slip between them, but warded off the larger pursuer. Thus, this wonderful plant secures its own food and at the same time preserves itself from injury.

A plant of a similar kind is the Pitcher-plant, which, however, grows only in tropical countries. Part of the foliage is shaped like a pitcher, the inside of which is lined with smooth cells which overlap one another like the scales of a fish. About the mouth of the pitcher there grow some glandular hairs out of which a kind of honey oozes, and thus the rim is covered with a thin film of sweet juice.

A centipede is out in search of food. It comes to the pitcher-plant, and tastes the honey. Looking down into the plant, it perceives bright spots of colour which inform it that there is more honey below. It crawls over, and downwards, feeding as it goes. Presently it has had enough, and turns about to go back, only to find that unawares it has crawled into a death-trap. (Stiff, hair-like need-

point downwards from the rim of the pitcher, and the poor centipede can no more pass these than the French cavalry could pass the bayonets of the British Guards at Waterloo.)

The centipede, being unable to go up, goes further down, and by-and-by falls into the rain-water collected at the bottom of the pitcher. There it is drowned, (and its flesh is before very long taken up by the plant into its own substance.)

There are plants which not only accept what food comes to them in this way, but actually make movements to secure it. One of these plants is called the Sun-dew, and grows on the damp, dark soil of moors. (A small whitish or dun-coloured flower grows at the end of a slender stem, and this springs from among a group of leaves pressed close to the ground. From the margin of each leaf there spring some two hundred delicate wine-red tentacles, some longer than the others. At the head of each tentacle there is a drop of clear, thick, sticky matter which shines and glitters in the sunlight like a drop of dew. It is from this that the plant gets its name of Sun-dew.

An insect, flying through the air, mistakes the glittering drops on the tentacles for honey, and alights to enjoy it. But its feet are immediately held fast by the sticky gum, which the leaf exudes in an increasing quantity from its glands. The more it tries to escape by stroking the gum off, the

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE MUSIC—1.

I had engaged him by the year. He came twice a week, and played through all his tunes. He stood there in the middle of the street, looking up at my windows while he played, and when he had finished he took off his hat, crying "Addio, Signor!"

We made acquaintance one day at the end of autumn. (The air was foggy and gray, and twilight was falling over the streets.) (I sat on a bench under the trees, and the old organ at the street corner coughed a sad accompaniment to my dreary thoughts.) I started as the music stopped; the old man had played all his tunes, and after a thankless inspection of the audience, he tucked his monkey under his coat and prepared to go.

I have always liked organs; so I went up and thanked him, and asked him to play a little more, if he was not too tired in the arm.

(The old artist might not have been used to much praise, for he looked at me with a sad expression which pained me, and with a certain hesitation he asked if there was any particular piece I wished to hear.) I left the choice to the old man. (After mysterious dealings with some stops under the organ, he began slowly and with a kind of solemnity to turn the handle.) "This is for friends," he said, glancing at me in a friendly way.

It was a tune which I had not heard before. He

So passed the autumn, and the hard time came. The rich tried the new winter fashions, and the poor trembled with cold. In vain my friend played that piece "for his friends" } ever thicker fell the flakes of snow upon the humbly bared head, and ever scarcer were the coppers which fell into the outstretched hat.)

The monkey's thin little body was now wrapped in a long travelling ulster. Nevertheless she was fearfully cold, and she often jumped from the organ, and crept under the old man's cloak.

(And while she and her master were suffering out there in the cold, I sat at home in my warm room, and instead of helping them I forgot them.) (taken up, as I was, with my coming examinations.) And then one day I suddenly had to go down to the Hospital, to replace a fellow-student who was working there, and several weeks passed by before I came home again. . . .

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE MUSIC—II.

I remember it so well. It was on New Year's Day we saw each other again. I was crossing the square. Service was just over, and the people were streaming out of the old cathedral. (As usual, a crowd of beggars was standing there, appealing to the charity of the church-goers.) At the end, and

at some distance from the others, an old man stood with outstretched hat, and with sad surprise recognized my friend in his threadbare coat, without his cloak, without his organ, and without a monkey ✓ ✕

(My first impulse was to go up to him, but a painful feeling of I don't know what held me back. I felt that I was getting red, and I stood still where I was.) Every now and then a passer-by would stop for a moment, and seem to put his hand in his pocket: but, as far as I could see, not a single copper fell into the old man's hat.

At last a child came out of the church, led by a gentleman in mourning. The child pointed towards the old man, and then ran up and laid a silver piece in his hat. He humbly bowed his head in thanks, and I was very nearly thanking the little girl myself, so pleased was I. My friend wrapped up the precious gift in his old pocket-handkerchief, and bending forward, as if he still carried the organ on his back, he went off.

I happened to be free that morning, and thinking that a little walk before breakfast could do no harm after the hospital air, I followed him across the river. (Once or twice I nearly caught him up, and all but tapped him on the shoulder; yet, without exactly knowing why, I always stopped at the last minute, and let him get a few paces ahead of me. The icy wind blew against us, and I drew my

fur-lined coat closer around me. At the same moment it suddenly struck me to ask myself why it was just I who owned so warm an overcoat, while the poor old man in front had only a worn-out frock-coat. (And why was it for me that a breakfast was waiting, and not for him?) Why should I have a comfortable room and a blazing fire, while he had to wander about the streets all day long to get his food, and return to his miserable home, helpless against the cold of the winter night, to wait for the next day's struggle for bread? *And he . . .*

(I got no further in my reflections, for the old man stopped and looked in at a shop window. He was standing before an elegant confectioner's, and to my astonishment he entered without hesitation. I stood before the window with some shivering street children, who stood looking with longing eyes at the delicacies beyond their reach. I saw the old man carefully untie his pocket-handkerchief, and lay the little girl's gift upon the counter. I had hardly time to draw back before he came out with a red packet of sweets in his hands, and, stepping firmly, walked away in the direction of the Park.

(I was rather surprised by what I had seen, and my curiosity made me follow him.) In one of the little streets behind the Hospital he slackened his pace, and I saw him disappear in a gloomy old house.

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE MUSIC.—III.

I waited outside a minute or two, and then got my way through the pitch-dark entrance, climbed up a slippery staircase, and came across a door slightly ajar.

A cold, dark room; in the middle, three ragged little children cowering over the dying fire in a brazier in the corner; a clean iron bedstead, the only decent piece of furniture in the room. They were Italians, and the eldest sister told me in Italian that the old organ-grinder lived at the top of the house.

I went up and knocked, but no one answered, and I opened the door myself. The room was brightly lit by a large fire blazing in the stove. With his back to the door, the old man was on his knees, holding a little saucepan over the fire. Before the stove there lay an old mattress, with the well-known cloak thrown over it, and at its side, set out on a newspaper, were various delicacies—
oranges, walnuts, and raisins. There stood also the red packet of sweets.

Now the old man dropped a lump of sugar into the saucepan, and stirred it with a stick, and in a gentle voice I heard him say:
"How good it looks, this milk and sugar! Don't try, my dear one, it will soon be ready!"
A slight rustling beneath the cloak, and a black



"The old man sits on his knees, holding a little sampan over the fire."

little hand was stretched out towards the packet.

"The milk first, the milk first," advised the man. "Never mind, take one, if you like!" He repented, and took a big burnt almond out of the packet. The little hand disappeared, and a crunching was heard under the cloak.

The old man poured the milk into a cup, and then carefully lifted up a corner of the cloak. There lay the poor little monkey, with head breast and eyes glowing with fever. Her face became so small, and her skin was ashen gray. The old man took her on his knees, and tenderly as mother he put some spoonfuls of the warmed milk into her mouth. She was so exhausted that she could not keep her head up, and sometimes she coughed so that her whole small body trembled. Her master shook his head sadly, and laid her carefully on the mattress again.

(A feeble flush spread over the old man's face as he caught sight of me.) I told him that I had taken the liberty of following him upstairs to bid him good-morning, and to ask him to come and play to me as before.) I glanced round for the organ, and the old man, who understood, informed me that he no longer played the organ—

sang. I looked at the big pile of wood that lay beside the stove, at the blanket that hung before the

window to keep out the draught, at the dainties on the newspaper—and I also understood.

The monkey had been ill three weeks—fever, explained the old man. We knelt one at each side of the bed, and the sick animal looked at me with her silent prayer for help. (Her eyes had got quite a human expression) her breathing was so short, and we could hear how it rattled in her throat.

The old man implored me to do something for his pet, but I could do nothing. I had then a friend among the keepers of the monkeys in the Park, and the same night he came with me to look at her. He said there was nothing to be done; there was no hope; and he was right.

For one week more the fire blazed in the old man's room, then it went out, and it became cold and dark as before in his home.

(Yes—his organ was redeemed from the pawn-broker's,) and now and then a copper or two did fall into his hat. He did not die of starvation, and that was all he wanted.

(The spring came, and I left Paris. God knows what became of the poor old man.)

If you hear a sad old barrel-organ in the street, go to the window and give something to the poor wandering player—it may be my poor old friend. If you find that his organ disturbs you, try how it is when you make him stand a little further off, but do not send him away with harshness.

He has to hear so many hard words as it is; why should not we be a little kind to him—we who love music?

—*Dr. And Maudie* Adapted from "Murray's Magazine".
 By permission of the Author and Mr John Murray

1 THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

The thousand streets of London gray
 Repel all country sights.

But bar not winds upon their way,
 Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
 In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
 Still bare to light and dark,

With grass receives the wanderer's foot,
 There trees are growing house-wot—

They call the place a park

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
 Goad sheep from hill and plain,

Flare thitherward in titful tales,
 There weary be on woody sides,

Or crop the grass again

And from park alley yard and den,
 In ragged skirts and coats,

Trip rather tiny wots of men,
 Wild things untought of word or pen—

The little human goats.

Is Epsom Park the chuzzle-day,
 A queer-driven sheep.

Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
A panting woollen heap.

But help is nearer than we know,
For ills of every name,
Ragged enough to scare a crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
Yet knew what ailed, his cap
Was ready cup for water cold,
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
Its rents were small—good-hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
In London dry and lorn.

And let men say the thing they please,
My hope, though very dim,
Thinks He will say who always sees,
In doing it to one of these
Thou didst it unto Him.

—George Mac Donald. (*By permission.*)

THE PRICE OF A DIAMOND.—I

Christopher Staines was buying some tobacco in a store in South Africa when in walked a Hottentot, and said, "Will you buy this?" laying down on the counter a glittering stone as large as a walnut.

"How much?" said the assistant.

"Two hundred pounds," was the reply.

The man examined it and thought it was a diamond, but dared not give two hundred pounds.

"Come again in an hour," he said, "when the master will be in."

"No," said the Hottentot quietly, and walked out.

Staines mounted his horse and followed the man.

"I'll buy that stone," he said. "I have only a hundred pounds here, but come with me to Dale's Kloof, and I will give you the other hundred."

They started and went on side by side. For two days they journeyed through the woods, Staines shooting wild animals for their food. One afternoon (he was just raising his Enfield rifle) to shoot an eland, when the Hottentot whispered hastily, "No, no, no!" Staines turned round to look at him. His face was ashy, his teeth chattering, his limbs shaking.

Before Staines could ask him what was the matter, he pointed through an opening in the wood near the eland. (Staines looked, and saw what seemed

to him a very long dog crawling from tree to tree. This creature, having got to the skirt of the wood, expanded, by some strange magic, to an enormous size, and sprang into the open with a growl—a mighty lion.) A bound carried him to the eland, and he struck her one blow on the head with his terrible paw, and felled her as if with a thunder-bolt.) *crushed her down*

The lion looked towards the wood and uttered a dreadful roar. Staines recoiled, and his flesh crept, whilst the Hottentot slid into the river and remained there. The lion began tearing away at the eland, and bolting huge morsels greedily. Hyenas, jackals, and vultures came around, but dared not approach too near. (Having finished his meal, the lion stalked into the wood.) *he began*

Staines asked the Hottentot which he thought was the lord of all creatures, a man or a lion. *Staines*

"A lion," said he, amazed at such a shallow question.

(The lion heard their voices, and made straight for them from a distance of scarcely thirty yards. Staines shouldered his rifle, took a hasty aim, and sent a bullet at him.) Instantly the enraged beast uttered a terrific roar, and came at him with his mane distended, his eyes glaring, his mouth open, his whole body swelled with fury. *Staines*

Staines knelt, and levelled at the centre of the lion's chest; not till he was within five yards did

The Hottentot did not reply, but sat down and began to skin the lion. When he had finished he said:

"Me take this to my kraal, and they all say, 'Squat a great shooter; he kill lion!'"

"No, Squat," said Staines; "that skin belongs to me. If you were to go into your village with that lion's skin, the old men would bend their heads to you, and say, 'Great is Squat! He killed the lion and wears his skin!' The young women would all fight which should be the wife of Squat. Squat would be king of the village"

Squat's eyes began to roll.

"And shall I give the skin," Staines went on, "and the glory that is my due, to an ill-natured fellow, who refuses me his diamond for a good horse—look at him; and for the rifle that kills lions like rabbits—look at it; and a hundred pounds in good gold—see; and for the lion's skin, and glory, and honour, and a rich wife, and to be king of Africa? Never!"

"Good master," said the Hottentot, "Squat ask pardon. Squat was blind. Squat will give the diamond for the lion's skin, and the king rifle, and the little horse, and the gold. That make just two hundred pounds."

في *٢٠٠* *١٢٣* *٢٠٠* *١٢٣*
 "More like four hundred!" cried Staines. "However, you are an honest fellow, and I think I will buy it. But first you must show me out of this

tures busy on the lion. (They soon cleared the wood. Then Squat handed Staines the diamond; and the money, horse, rifle, and skin were made over to Squat.)

"Shake hands over it," said Staines. "You are hard, but you are honest."

"Yes, master, I much hard and honest," said Squat.

"Good-bye, old fellow."

"Good-bye, master."

And Squat strutted away, the horse following him, the rifle under his arm, and the horse skin over his shoulders. Staines had bought his diamond.

—Adapted from Charles Reade's "A Simpleton", by permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the holders of the copyright.

THE STORY OF THE WILLOW PATTERN.—I.

More than two hundred years ago, some Dutch merchants brought from China some remarkable specimens of porcelain. Among these were tiny tea-sets of a bluish-white ground, with landscapes and figures in dark blue. A prominent object in the design was a willow tree; and the Chinese willow pattern very soon became the favourite style of crockery.

Many old people can remember how, when they were little children, they used to sit at their grand-

mothers' tables and study the blue cups and saucers and plates, wondering what the pictures meant, or inventing stories of their own to suit them. Most children no doubt fancied that China was a strange country, where trees and birds, houses and people, were altogether different from our own. A clever lady wrote:

"I have never been to China, and I hope I never can
Be chosen as ambassadress to Peking or Chusan;
But I know the kind of place it is, as well as wiser pates,
From different *works on China*, illustrated by *plates*.
The colour of the country is a kind of dirty blue,
With chaotic land and water here and there appearing
through;
Interspersed with funny bridges, and paths that seem to
glide
To very funny houses upon the other side.
There are frightful flowers growing upside-down and
inside-out,
Trees with caterpillars laden,—some with roots and some
without."

This strange Chinese picture has a meaning, and is not a mere muddle, as our grandmothers may have thought. On the right of the plate is a lordly Mandarin's country-house, in the garden by the side of a river. The house is two stories high, and has a tea pavilion in front, all of which shows the rank and wealth of the Mandarin. In the garden is a tree with mulberries on it, and another full of oranges, to show what a fruitful garden it is.



A Widow Pattern Plate.

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made to believe that a robber had stolen the money, and that his daughter had drowned herself.

This plan was so far carried out that the lovers succeeded in escaping unseen through the garden and to the bridge, bearing between them, suspended on a stout bamboo pole, a casket full of gold and costly jewels. But it so happened that just as they stepped upon the bridge, at the other end of which Chang's mother awaited them, the illustrious Mandarin awakened from his sleep, and turning his face to the open doorway, beheld to his horror his only daughter running away with a low born gardener and his own box of money! Seizing a stout whip the Mandarin rushed after the couple, and overtaking them on the bridge, grasped Chang by his pig-tail, twisted it around his throat, and choked and beat him until he was senseless, when he ended by throwing him into the river, where he immediately sank.

Poor Li-Chi, witnessing her lover's cruel fate, at once sprang into the water after him, and was drowned with him. Strange to say, the bodies could never be found; but near the spot where they sank a beautiful willow tree sprang up by magic, and, stretching its drooping arms above the water, sighed night and day a mournful dirge for the departed lovers. In its branches, after a while, a couple of turtle-doves alighted to form a nest, and there they won't

(x c 17)

ive-long

day, secure from molestation. For the souls of unfortunate lovers had taken (so the fable tells) the shape of doves, and thus found the happiness they had longed for but lost.

—S. A. W. (Adapted)

INCIDENTS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

I.

At the battle of the Alma, a great Russian doubt was the object of a furious attack on the part of a section of the British forces. Our soldiers took up towards it with a rush, and the Russians began to retreat, carrying off their guns.

Then a small child-like youth ran forward before the throng, carrying a colour. This was young Anstruther. He carried the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games of English school-life, he ran fast; for, heading all who strove to keep up with him, he gained the redoubt, and dug the butt-end of the flagstaff into the parapet; and there for a moment he stood, holding it tight, and taking breath.

Then he was shot dead; but his small hands, still clasping the flagstaff, drew it down along with him, and the crimson silk lay covering the boy with its folds. But only for a moment, because William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, ran forward, gathered up the flag, and raising it proudly, made claim to the great redoubt on behalf of the Royal Welsh.

II *The Gunman*

During the bombardment of Sebastopol, the horses which were drawing an ammunition-waggon



for a battery having refused to face the fire, some volunteers went to the waggon to clear it, and they

as needed in loading in their hands. But before the powder could be stowed away in the magazine, a shell came into the midst of it whilst the volunteers were so gathered close to the heap.

"The magazine is burning!" Then Captain Peel darted to the magazine and threw it over the parapet. The powder fell for yards from his hands.

As the attack was made on the Russian force, the Commander Sir Colin Campbell said, "Remember this to me, my dear son, 'You must die for your country.' The men answered his words, 'Yes, Sir, we will do that'." The Russians, seeing the Russians, but a few minutes later they fled down the camp of the Scotch and angry Scotch men as they were in her hand. Blows were dealt to the running Turks, and they were called as cowardly rascals. In the end, he held a strong-looking burly man with great fury.

The man pleased and amused the

Highlanders. It is funny to think of the Mussulmans, flying from danger and yearning for repose, choosing a line of retreat where this pitiless dame mounted guard.

IV.

Captain Morris, one of the 'noble six hundred' who rode in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade, was taken prisoner and was only saved from massacre by a Russian officer. That officer, however, quickly disappeared, and then the Russian horsemen rushed in upon their prisoner, and not only robbed him of all he had, but showed him that they were going to kill him. He therefore broke away from them, and ran into the midst of the thickest smoke he could see. Then he caught at the rein of a passing riderless horse, and was dragged along a short distance, but afterwards fell and became unconscious.

Upon regaining his senses Morris became aware that a Russian, who had just passed him, was looking back in a way which showed that he had seen the English officer move, and would probably return to dispatch him. Morris managed to get to his feet, and once more sought shelter in the thickest smoke near him. Whilst standing there, he was almost run down by another loose charger, but was able to catch hold of the horse's rein, and to mount him. He turned the horse's head up the

valley, and rode as fast as he could; but just as he fancied he was getting out of the cross-fire, his new horse was shot under him, and sank with him to the ground, giving him a heavy fall, and rolling over his thigh.

Then again for some time Morris was unconscious. When he regained his senses, he found that the dead horse was lying across his leg, and keeping him fastened to the ground. He set to work to extricate his leg, and at length succeeded in doing so. Then, getting on his feet, he ran on as well as he could, stumbling and getting up over and over again, but always taking care to be moving up the hill, till at last, when quite worn out, he found himself close to the body of an English staff-officer, whom he knew.

He inferred that he must be nearly within the reach of his fellow country-men; so now, being quite exhausted, he laid himself down beside the body of his friend, and again became unconscious. When he recovered his senses, he found himself in an English hospital tent. Terribly as he had been wounded and shattered, with three deep wounds in his head, his right arm fractured, and several ribs broken, he at length recovered, and fought again in the Indian Mutiny.

—Adapted from A. W. Huxtable's "Parasutists of the Crimea",
by permission of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

THE HERO OF THE ALMA.

Through the vineyards to the river,
Pushing on as best we might,
Panting, though the grape hung ready,
Toiling, though the sun shone bright!
Then straight into the water,
While the shots came raining fast,
Some men went down—none wavered!—
Not a backward glance was cast.
We had left the cowards behind us,
And stood gathered close and still,
When the welcome order reached us—
‘All forward’—up the hill”
To the great redoubt before us!
It was there for us to gain!
And the living heeded bullets
Just as little as the slain,
We could not fire for panting,
Though the parapet grew white,
And not a word was uttered
As we pressed hard up the height,
Right and left our men were falling,
Right and left our men went on!—
When a shout arose—“They’re moving!
On!—The great redoubt is won”
Then a child-like youth rushed forward,
And the blood within was stirred,
For his small hands bore the colours
Of the gallant Twenty-third!
He ran fast, in boyish fashion,
Gained the parapet, took breath;—

He saw the face of soldiers!—
 We saw the face of death!
 For a Russian shot had found him
 And he fell, without a word.
 With the crimson colours round him
 Of the gallant Twenty-third!

— *Col W. Franklin.*

ABOUT SOUND.—I.

Sounds, as we are all aware, are by no means uncommon. In the streets, at home, at school, in the playground, in the woods and hedgerows—everywhere—sounds make themselves heard, and a world without sound would be a strange world indeed.

Have you ever stopped to wonder how sound is caused? Well, you say, there is no need to wonder about it, for we know that sound is caused by the slamming of a door, the blowing of a whistle, the beating of a tea-tray, and by endless other actions. True, these actions are accompanied by sound; but you have not yet given any explanation of *how* the sound is caused. Well, I will try to tell you.

Sound is caused by a disturbance of the air. If there were no air, there would be no sound. How do I know that, you ask? Suppose that I put a bell inside the receiver of an air-pump, and arrange that it may be set ringing by electricity. Suppose

I work the handle of the air-pump, and gradu-

ally draw the air out of the receiver. You will notice that though the clapper is hitting away as merrily as ever, the sound of the bell's ringing becomes fainter and fainter, until at last you cannot hear it at all. And now, if I gradually let the air return to the receiver, you will notice that the sound grows in loudness, until it is as loud as it was at first. That shows, does it not? that but for the air no sound would have reached your ears.

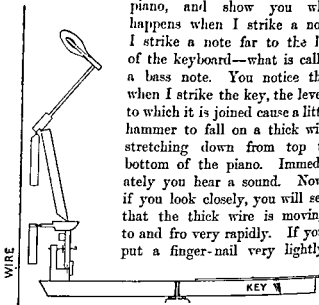
I said just now that sound is caused by a *disturbance* of the air. What kind of disturbance? you ask. That is not a very easy question to answer, and I shall only attempt to answer part of it. I will speak only of musical



sounds. You know, roughly, the difference between a musical sound and one that is not musical. The sounds produced by a piano, or a fiddle, or a sweet human voice, are musical, the rumble of cart-wheels, the thud of a shoemaker's hammer, are hardly musical. The former give pleasure, the latter do not; or if they do, it is pleasure of a queer kind. But the real difference between musi-

cal and unmusical sounds is, that the former are produced by *regular* disturbances of the air, while the latter are not.

Suppose, now, that I take off the front of the piano, and show you what happens when I strike a note. I strike a note far to the left of the keyboard—what is called a bass note. You notice that when I strike the key, the levers to which it is joined cause a little hammer to fall on a thick wire stretching down from top to bottom of the piano. Immediately you hear a sound. Now, if you look closely, you will see that the thick wire is moving to and fro very rapidly. If you put a finger-nail very lightly



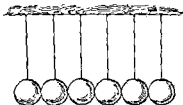
The Mechanism of a Pianoforte note.

upon it you will feel the movement. The wire is *vibrating*, as we say.

And now I will tell you what caused the sound. It was the regular vibration of the air. The wire was set in motion by the fall of the hammer: it moved backwards and forwards very quickly, and

every movement of the wire caused a movement in the air. Just as the wire swung backwards and forwards, the air round it also swung backwards and forwards, and the movement extended up to and beyond our ears. Well, the moving air, touching the drum of the ear, caused it to vibrate, and so, in some wonderful way which nobody understands, produced the sensation we call *sound*.

But you must not suppose that, when the wire was set in motion, some of the air around it was shot away like a cannon-ball till it reached our ears. Not at all. To show you in a simple way what did really take place, suppose I take half a dozen small india-rubber balls and hang them to pegs on a cross-beam, so that each one touches the next. Now I tap the ball at one end exactly in the middle, sharply, with a small penknife. What happens? All the balls begin to swing backwards and forwards, and, hitting against one another, continue swinging for some time. It is something like this with the particles of air. One is hit by the vibrating wire: it starts



off, strikes the next particle, and bounds back, to be struck itself again by the wire. So each particle of air strikes the next one, until by-and-by the particles nearest the ear are set in motion, and cause the drum of the ear to vibrate also.

ABOUT SOUND.—II

You have noticed, perhaps, during a thunder-storm, that the clap of thunder is heard after the flash of lightning is seen. You may have noticed, too, if you have stood at some distance from a railway-station as a train steams out, that the sound of the engine's whistle reaches you some seconds after you have seen the puff of steam. Now, the thunder-clap and the lightning-flash, the whistle and the puff of steam, really take place at the same instant. How is it, then, that the one is heard after the other is seen?

The explanation is simply this: that sound travels much less quickly than light, or, in other words, that the movements which produce the sensation of light are much more rapid than those which produce the sensation of sound. When the lanterns of a lighthouse are lit, miles away, we see the light practically at the very moment of lighting. But the movements in the air which I have already described take some time. It is found that

it takes a second of time for sound to travel 1100 feet; so that, if you are standing at a distance of 1100 feet from a railway-engine when it whistles, you will hear the shriek of the whistle one second after you see the puff—provided the air is still. If a strong wind is blowing in the opposite direction, you may not hear the sound at all.

Can you see now how it is possible to tell how far off a thunder-cloud is when it bursts? Suppose that you hear the thunder-clap exactly three seconds after you see the flash; you know that sound travels 1100 feet in one second, so it must have travelled three times that distance in three seconds, and thus you see that the cloud must have been 3300 feet from your ear.

You will see also how it is that a large body of soldiers, marching to the music of a band ahead, can never keep absolutely in step. The rear-rank men hear the bang of the drums and the tira-lira of the trumpets some time after the front-rank men heard them, and consequently the feet are not lifted quite at the same instant. The longer the marching troop is, the more will the rear ranks be out of step with the front ranks.

You know that if a key of a pianoforte be struck and held down, the sound is at first loud, and then gradually becomes fainter until at last it dies away altogether. What is the reason of that? Let us take an illustration. Let us tie a stone or some

heavy article to a piece of string, and hang the string on a nail in the wall. Now let us set the string swinging, like the pendulum of a clock. You observe that the stone takes just the same time to make its complete swing, though it gradually travels through shorter and shorter distances, until at last it comes to rest.

So it is with the wire of a pianoforte. It is set vibrating by the hammer, and its vibrations become smaller and smaller until it ceases to vibrate, though every second there is just the same number of them. The vibrations set up in the air by the wire become less forcible by the same degrees, and thus the sound caused by these vibrations becomes less strong. Now you see why it is that the harder a key is struck the louder is the sound—because the vibrations of the wire are larger than if the wire is struck gently.

Looking inside the piano once more, you will see that the wires on the left side, the bass side, are much longer and thicker than those on the right or treble side; and that, in fact, the wires gradually increase in length and thickness as you go from right to left. From this you will learn another fact about sound. The longer and thicker the wire, the deeper will be the sound produced by striking it. You will perceive, if you think a moment, that a long and thick wire will not vibrate so rapidly as a short and thin wire; and this teaches

us another fact, that the more rapid the vibrations, the higher the sound

How many vibrations will produce a sound? It has been found that the lowest note our ears can distinguish is produced by about 16 vibrations each second, and the highest note is produced by about 38,000 vibrations. The lowest note on a piano is produced by about 40 vibrations each second, and the highest note by about 5000 vibrations. If more than 38,000 vibrations occur in a second, no sound can be distinguished by our ears. The cry of the bat, for instance, cannot be heard by some people, which shows that the number of vibrations set up in the throat of that little animal must be very near the extraordinary number of 38,000 a second.

SAILORS' PETS

On board ship there is not much room for beasts, especially for such as do not know how to behave themselves. All the same, sailors have a weakness for pets; and if the captain be good-natured on this point, the vessel is sometimes turned into a sort of travelling menagerie. It must be as strange to animals as to men to find themselves for the first time tossing on the waves; some get used to it, but others die on the voyage to Britain, the change

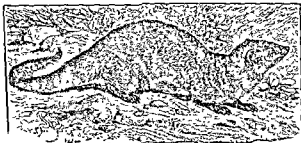
of climate from that of their old home being too much for them.

In this way many parrots travel from the other side of the world, where such brightly coloured birds, red, blue, green and yellow, are as common as the thrushes and sparrows are in our hedgerows at home. If Jack the sailor boy have no mother or sister at home who would be glad of such a present from foreign parts, he can always sell it in a British port, where a fine parrot often fetches a good price. Most of the parrots in Britain have come as sailors' pets, and have learned their first English lessons on board ship; and no doubt that is why their talk is sometimes so coarse and rough.

Monkeys, too, are great favourites with Jack, though one might suppose that a mischievous monkey would be a great nuisance in his narrow quarters. It must be very difficult to catch such a nimble beast if it gets into the rigging, where it is as much at home as in its native trees. But monkeys are more intelligent than people imagine, and soon find out what is the use of a rope's end. Captain Marryat tells us he had in his ship a large Cape baboon, which, like a naughty child, was unable to keep its paws off anything to which it took a fancy. One day it snatched a piece of bread-and-butter out of the hands of a little boy, and was at once punished by the captain for this greedy trick. Some days afterwards the child had again

a slice of bread-and-butter, which the baboon again snatched away; but, catching the captain's eye and remembering the thrashing it had got, it checked itself before swallowing this stolen bit, and shamefacedly put it back into the child's hands.

† Another pet on ships coming from hot countries is the mongoose, a brown creature something



The Mongoose.

between a squirrel and a monkey. It is very lively and affectionate, and is so formidable an enemy to snakes and rats that it is kept about Indian houses like a cat. It cannot stand our climate, or (it might make itself as much at home) in Britain as our own pussy. A mongoose will get into bed with its master, or jump on his shoulder and coil its tail round his neck, as a sick one has been seen to do, using its last strength to die upon the sailor's breast.

Cats are often taken to sea, but sailors have some

funny superstitions about them. Some say that a black cat is unlucky, but that to have two of them on board is lucky; others put it just the other way. So in some parts of the country, people call it a good sign to see a magpie and a bad one to see two, while with others two is the lucky number and a single magpie is sure, they think, to bring ill luck. It shows how absurd such notions are, when those who hold them can agree no better.

Dogs, too, sometimes live on board ship, but, not being able to run about much in what they must consider little better than a big kennel, their life must be rather dull. There is plenty of mischief for idle teeth and paws to do here. The famous Dr. Nansen, on one of his expeditions, had a Greenland dog with him that showed the most extraordinary appetite for everything made of leather, and would take no lesson that such things were to be left alone. Shoes, straps, portmanteaus and portfolios, this stupid beast gnawed at them all, as often as it got a chance, and sometimes ate them up, though sure that a thrashing would follow.

Captain Scoresby, an older Arctic voyager, had a very remarkable pet in a young polar bear, which, so long as it was at sea, kept out of mischief and seemed docile enough. But after the ship got home to England, the bear ran away into a wood, naturally to the great alarm of the neighbourhood; and a mob of men and dogs set out to hunt it.

The bear seemed inclined to show fight, but when Scoresby walked up to the runaway, it let him put a rope round its neck and lead it off like a lamb. As it grew up (it became too savage for a pet) and was sent to a menagerie in London. A year afterwards the captain paid it a visit, and the bear, at once recognizing its old master, instead of showing its usual ill-temper when any one came near, jumped up to welcome him as a dog would have done.

POOR ROBIN

Robin the cobbler, blithe and gay,
 Fiddled at night time, cobbled at day.
 Busily worked till the curfew rang,
 Then caught up his bow, and fiddled and sang.
 Robin lived under a marble stair
 That led to a terrace broad and fair,
 Adorned with exotics bright and rare,
 Where, every evening, taking the air,
 A nobleman walked with brow depressed,
 And within his bosom a sea of unrest
 Trembling now at the frown of the king,
 Lest titles and honours should spread their wing,
 Now at the fate of a suit in court,
 Then at some insult to be out-fought,
 But oh! for the cares unreckoned that rolled
 From that plentiful source—the lust of gold.
 The nobleman watched the declining sun,
 Day with its business and cares was done;



And now, for the vigorous sons of toil,
To the wearied spirits came glad recoil.
But for such as the nobleman came no rest;
As the sun went down in the scarlet west;
For rest is none from ambition's strain,
None for the heart where pride holds reign,
None for the breast filled with greed of gain.
Then sudden he heard the tremulous string
Robin's sweet carol accompanying;
Unreckoned the hours that glided by,
As Robin sat twittering cheerily,
With the moon going up in the darkling sky.

“Now this is strange,” the nobleman said,
“That a poor man labouring for his bread,
With a crust to eat, and a straw-strewn bed,
Should be so jubilant, free from sorrow,
Without a care or thought of the morrow;
The secret of having light heart, if sound,
Cheap would I count at a thousand pound.”

When Robin was out at a job one day,
The nobleman hid a gold-bag in the hay
Of the cobbler's pillow, and hastened away.
That night, as it wont, the curfew rang.
But Robin the cobbler nor fiddled nor sang.
For in turning his pillow his glad eyes fell
On the purse with a wonder unspeakable.

Now silent and musing he sat till late,
His heart oppressed with a leaden weight,
His mind revolving where to conceal
The treasure, where none might find and steal.

Cautiously locking and bolting the door,
He buried the purse underneath the floor,
Then over it strewed his litter of straw.
Little he slept, waking often in fear,
Imagining burglars drawing near,
Slumbers unbroken seemed fled for e'er

Night after night the nobleman strode
The terrace above poor Robin's abode;
But hushed was the voice of the cobbler now,
And laid aside were the fiddle and bow

Then the nobleman stood before Robin's stall,
And said, "By accident I let fall
A purse of gold, through a chink in the wall,
Into thy cell, to thy straw it rolled.
Now I have come to reclaim my gold".
Then the poor cobbler upraised the board,
Extracted the purse and the prize restored;
And scarce had the nobleman turned away,
Ere he heard the fiddler begin to play,
And he had not reached the terrace again,
Ere the voice was chirping a jocund strain

—*Salute Baring Gould* By permission of the
author and Messrs. Elphington & Sons.

X BALL BEARINGS

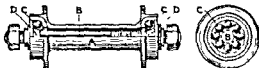
My attention was first directed to the subject when my brother James, coming home one day after a long spin, complained loudly that someone had been tampering with his bicycle. Finding

it harder work than usual, he had got off to examine the bearings and found that several of the balls were missing. It struck me as wonderful that so much extra work, and so much bad temper—should depend on a few small balls, and I was interested enough to study the subject.

Of course it is a question of *friction*. What is that, you say? Well, the word really means “rubbing”, but a scientific man using it means the resistance which is met by any surface in moving over another surface. If you try to draw a heavy box along the ground by means of a rope, you will find it very hard work, because the bottom of the box is pressed down against the ground, and the roughnesses of both surfaces cause resistance to movement.

That tells why carts and carriages and railway engines have wheels. The wheels bear the weight of the load above them, and a comparatively slight force is sufficient to move them; and when they move, the friction between the rolling wheels and the ground is much less than would be the friction if the cart, carriage, or engine were dragged stiffly along the ground. In other words, rolling friction is always very much less than sliding friction. That explains the use of the skid in going down hill. The carter stops, by means of it, the rolling of his wheel, and thus by increasing the friction he lessens the speed of his descent.

What about the bicycle, then? Well, you must have noticed that all wheeled vehicles have an axle or two, and that the axle passes through the round hole at the hub or centre of the wheel. The place where the axle bears upon the hub of the wheel is called the *bearing*. Now in ordinary carriages, &c., the bearing is a plain bearing, that is, the axle remains still while the wheel revolves directly on it.



Upper half in section.
Hub of a Bicycle.—A, hub B, axle, C, cup, D, cone.

The parts are made very smooth, and are kept oiled, in order to lessen the friction.

But in order to lessen still more the friction in the bicycle, ball bearings are employed. Look at the accompanying section of a bicycle-wheel bearing. A is the hub of the wheel, which revolves on the axle B; but it does not run directly on it. At each end of the hub there is a concave surface C, called a cup, and at each end of the axle a convex surface D, called a cone. These are both ground perfectly smooth and true, and in the hollow between them is a ring of smooth steel balls encircling the axle.

Now you see what happens. When the wheel turns, the hub turns on the balls. These in their

turn roll round in the same direction with the same speed, and thus the hub, instead of sliding stiffly round on the axle, is itself, as it were, going on wheels.

That this device very much reduces the friction you can easily prove for yourself. Try to push a heavy box along the floor: with all your straining you can hardly move it. Now take a handful of marbles, put them in three lines on the ground, and let the box lie evenly upon them. You can now move it with a touch. It is just the same with a ball bearing, except that the balls there are shut up in a cup and cannot escape, as the marbles can slip away from under the box, and that the hub rolls, while the box slides.

I had hitherto thought that bicycling was as hard work as walking, but when I found how ingeniously the makers have reduced the friction and consequently the labour of riding, I made up my mind to do most of my walking on wheels.

EPPIE¹—I.

✓ [A little girl had wandered away from her mother, who lay dead in the snow, and had come to the cottage of Silas Marner, a weaver who lived by himself near a stone-pit, and who had recently been robbed of a large sum of money. The child entered the cottage, and fell asleep on an old sack by the fire.] Silas meanwhile, while in the act of closing the door, had fallen into one of the unconscious fits to which he was subject, and knew nothing of his little visitant.]

¹ Adapted from *Silas Marner*, by permission of the representatives of George Eliot, per Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of any change except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the logs had fallen apart and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push the logs together, when, to his blurred-vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away. He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. ✓

In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream?—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought

that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. Was it a dream?

He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame, but the flame did not disperse the vision; it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into cries of "Mammy". Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell

in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her.

He took her on his knee again, and got them off with difficulty. The wet boots at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow. He raised her in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "Mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking.

{ Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. } "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him; that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half covered with the shaken snow. ✓

EPPIE.—II

✓ [Silas kept the little girl, and called her Eppie, lavishing on her the affection he had formerly given only to his gold.] L

By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome,

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which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were required. These scissors had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a little mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again.

She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two minutes she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon



"Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boat."

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him; Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. x

Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he usually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Silas could do nothing but snatch his treasure up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and let her remember. The idea that she might run away and come to harm, gave him unusual

resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole, a small cupboard near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes,— "naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal hole."

He put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Open, open!" and Silas let her out again, saying: "Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole,—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on. In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in the coal-hole!"

EPPIE.—III.

[Sixteen years passed away, and Eppie had become a young woman. One day Mr. Cass, the childless squire of the parish, came to Silas Marner's house with his second wife, Nancy, to explain that he was Eppie's father, and that he wished her to come and live with him at his large house. Silas said that he would not hinder Eppie, and told her to do as she pleased.]

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey Cass, looking at his daughter, "it will always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you will come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should have been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that will be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it."

"My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy, in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly,—it was a weaver's hand—while she spoke with cold decision.

"Thank you, ma'am,—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish

For I should have no delight in life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think of any happiness without him. And he says he had nobody in the world till I was sent to him, and he would have nothing when I was gone. And he has taken care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, (and nobody shall ever come between him and me";)

"But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas, in a low voice, "you must make sure that you won't ever be sorry because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might have had everything of the best."

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think of or to wish for with fine things about me, that I haven't been used to. It would be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, (and make them I am fond of think me unfitting company for them.) What could I care for then?"

"What you say is natural, my dear child," said Nancy, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right (you shouldn't turn your back on it.)"

EPPIE.—III.

[Sixteen years passed away, and Eppie had become a young woman. One day Mr. Cass, the childless squire of the parish, came to Silas Marner's house with his second wife, Nancy, to explain that he was Eppie's father, and that he wished her to come and live with him at his large house. Silas said that he would not hinder Eppie, and told her to do as she pleased.]

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey Cass, looking at his daughter, "it will always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you will come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should have been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that will be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it."

"My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy, in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in her and grasped it firmly,—it was a weaver's hand—while she spoke with cold decision.

"Thank you, ma'am,—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish

For I should have no delight in life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think of any happiness without him. And he says he had nobody in the world till I was sent to him, and he would have nothing when I was gone. And he has taken care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, (and nobody shall ever come between him and me.)

"But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas, in a low voice; "you must make sure that you won't ever be sorry because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might have had everything of the best."

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think of or to wish for with fine things about me, that I haven't been used to. It would be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, (and make them I am fond of think me unfitting company for them.) What could I care for then?"

"What you say is natural, my dear child," said Nancy, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right (you shouldn't turn your back on it.)"

"I can't feel that I've got any father but one," said Eppie, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little home where he would sit in the corner, and I should do everything for him; I can't think of any other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks, and their victuals, and their ways. And," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "(I'm promised to marry a working-man,) who will live with father, and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey looked at Nancy with a flushed face and smarting dilated eyes.

"Let us go," he said in an undertone.

"We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now."

.

"O father," said Eppie to Silas, as they came in sight of the house after the wedding, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring.
All the birds of heaven may sing.

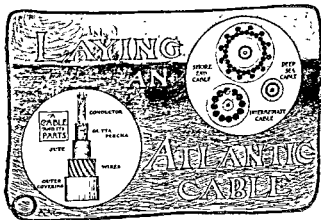
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All the wells on earth may spring,
 All the winds on earth may bring
 All sweet sounds together,
 Sweeter far than all things heard,
 Hand of harper, tone of bird,
 Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
 Welling water's winsome word,
 Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
 Hearing ere its chime be done
 Knows not well the sweetest one
 Heard of man beneath the sun,
 Hoped in heaven hereafter.
 Soft and strong and loud and light,
 Very sound of very light
 Heard from morning's rosiest height,
 When the soul of all delight
 Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
 Never forth such notes, nor told
 Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
 As the radiant mouth of gold
 Here that rings forth heaven
 If the golden-crested wren
 Were a nightingale—why then,
 Something seen and heard of men
 Might be half as sweet as when
 Laughs a child of seven.

—A. C. Swinburne. *By permission.*

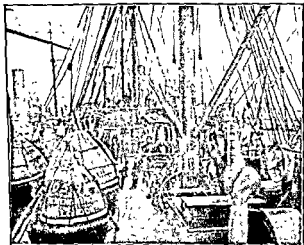


It is doubtful whether people sufficiently realize the greatness of the work accomplished in the establishment of telegraphs beneath the sea. The work is carried on quietly and without attracting much attention; but the whole world would suffer a terrible calamity if in any way the submarine telegraphs were destroyed.

In 1851 a cable was laid across the sea between Dover and Calais. There are now, connecting all parts of the world, 1300 sea-cables, which cost £45,000,000. To-day a vast army of men and a fleet of forty-one ships are constantly employed in cable work.

One of these ships is the *Faraday*, a ship specially constructed for the work, and belonging to the great firm of Siemens. The *Faraday* is a

floating town rather than an ordinary ship. Her decks are crowded with machinery. Throughout the ship are distributed smithies, carpenters' shops, electric-light house, ice-house, doctor's surgery, photographic studio, steward's store-rooms, butcher's



Cable Machinery on the *Faraday*

shop, bakehouse, and an immense kitchen. Along the decks are penned the live stock—poultry, sheep, cattle,—all tenderly nurtured by the butchers until the hour for slaughter arrives.

There are comfortable rooms for eating and sleeping, and bath-rooms, buffet, and cosy writing-

rooms. Throughout the ship glows the electric-light, which also provides powerful search-lights for night work. Strict discipline is maintained; every man of the 180 on board has a fixed duty, which he performs with cheerful alacrity. The ship may be in a fog, a gale, surrounded by icebergs or rolling and pitching in a terrible manner; but the work goes on with as much regularity and precision as if the ship were in harbour.

In an Atlantic expedition the *Faraday* begins by laying about 150 miles of cable from the Irish coast westward. The landing of shore ends is an interesting operation, in which boats, buoys, rafts and steam-launches all play a part. In stormy weather exciting events sometimes occur. Near the shore, brawny men jump into the water, seize the cable, and haul it by main strength along a trench into the cable hut. The ocean end is attached to an immense buoy, which remains at the mercy of the waves while the ship crosses the ocean to lay some miles of wire from the Nova Scotia coast.

When the ship returns the buoy has to be picked up. The sea may be rough or the ship rolling heavily, but a lifeboat manned by sturdy fellows wearing cork jackets is rapidly lowered. The tiny craft pitches and tosses on the angry waves. But the men, smart and plucky fellows, gallantly pull & dicing buoy. One of them, watching his city, springs on the buoy, attaches strong

ropes, and hops back into the boat—sometimes into the sea. Both buoy and cable are then hauled on board.

The boat with its drenched crew returns to the ship; the two ends of the cable are tested and spliced, the *Faraday's* prow is pointed westward, and the work of "paying out" begins. Gliding over pulleys, the cable winds round a swiftly-revolving drum, passes a machine which tests its strain, dips into the sea, and finally disappears. Day by day the cable is laid over hill and valley, gorge and crevice, and along immense table lands of the sea-bottom. The depth varies from 300 feet to more than three miles.

About the tenth day out, the ship reaches the neighbourhood of the other end of the wire, buoyed out on the American side. This end is spliced with the end just brought across the ocean, and amid wild excitement the finished cable drops into the sea. Messages are sent from shore to shore, and the *Faraday* returns home.

—Adapted from an article in the "*Windsor Magazine*", March, 1897.

By permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co.

AT SEA WITH LORD ANSON.—I

One day towards the end of the summer of the year 1744, signs of great excitement might have been seen in the busy streets of London. The

whole city seemed to be out of doors. Sober old merchants, well-dressed fine gentlemen, gay young clerks and apprentices, jolly schoolboys and school girls, old soldiers stamping about on wooden legs, one-armed sailors, chair-men, link-men—all sorts of people thronged the paths and the windows of the houses, just as they do on the day of Lord Mayor's Show.

But it was not the Lord Mayor they had come to see. What is this coming round the corner? A rough sailor-man carrying the flag of Old England. "Here they come! Here they come!" shout the crowd. Behind the flag come more sailors, some playing the squeaking fife, others beating the drum. More flags, more sailors; then a wagon, drawn by horses decked with ribbons and flowers, loaded with bags and boxes, and jolly Jack-tars sitting on top, waving their hats and their flags and shouting themselves hoarse.

"Hurrray!" shout the men; "Hurrray!" shout the boys and girls; and a crippled old sailor flings up his cap and cries, "Three cheers for Captain Anson!" "Look, Mother," cries a little girl at the window of one of the houses, "there's another wagon, and another!—One, two, three, four—oh, what a lot! Here come some more. Hurrray! Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two wagons!"

"There's the captain!" cries a red-faced school-boy. "Anson! Anson! Three cheers for the

captain! Father, what's in all those boxes and bags?"

"Treasure, my boy; gold, and silver, and rubies, and diamonds—heaps of them, tons of them, all captured from the Spaniards by our brave Anson and his men. Throw up your hat, Johnny; you'll never see a braver man. He has been all round the world, my boy; four years away from home; we thought we had lost him."

"And has he been fighting the Spaniards all that time?" asks Johnny.

"Pretty nearly; though he has had to fight wind and wave too. He started four years ago with six ships and more than a thousand men—he came back with one ship and not two hundred men. Look at the brave fellows. See their browned faces, their worn-out clothes. They have battled with storms, with disease and hunger; and fighting the Spaniards was only child's play to them after that. Look, the last of the wagons is turning the corner. The crowd is rushing after them. Three cheers for Anson! Three cheers for the sailors of England!"

Such, we may imagine, was the scene in London streets on that summer day in 1744. Anson had at last returned from his adventurous voyage round the world, and his good ship the *Centurion* was loaded with captured treasure enough to fill thirty-two wagons.

Four years before, when he started on his expe-

whole city seemed to be out of doors. Sober old merchants, well-dressed fine gentlemen, gay young clerks and apprentices, jolly schoolboys and school-girls, old soldiers stamping about on wooden legs, one-armed sailors, chair-men, link-men—all sorts of people thronged the paths and the windows of the houses, just as they do on the day of Lord Mayor's Show.

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One, two, three, thirty, thirty-one, thirty two wagons! "Is the captain?" cries a red faced school boy. "Anson! Anson! Three cheers for the

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dition, England was at war with Spain, and Anson had been despatched with a squadron of six ships to attack Spain's settlements in the New World. His ships were partly manned with old, worn-out and crippled sailors and marines, and so he had difficulties to start with. But we know how far the spirit of Britons will carry them, and Anson and his men faced every hardship, braved every danger, and, some of them, went to their death, for the honour of England.

AT SEA WITH LORD ANSON.—II

One of the most famous of Anson's exploits was the capture of Païta, a port in Peru. He had learned that there was a large sum of money in the treasury-house of the town, and he was in want of provisions. An attack on Païta promised not only food and treasure, but an opportunity of putting on the Spanish prisoners he had previously captured.

One dark night, fifty-eight picked men took places in the ships' boats, under the command of Lieutenant Brett. The boats were piloted by Spanish prisoners, who were promised their freedom if they acted faithfully. They set off, and went at the mouth of the bay without being discovered. But they had no sooner entered it than some of the people on board a Spanish vessel at anchor



Hastening up a narrow street, the attacking party marched towards the Governor's house

perceived them, and instantly getting into a boat, rowed towards the fort, shouting, "The English! The English dogs!" By this the whole town was suddenly alarmed, and several lights were seen moving to and fro in the fort; whereupon Lieutenant Brett told his men to row harder.

Before the boats could reach the shore, the Spaniards in the fort had got ready one of their cannon, and pointed it towards the landing-place. The first shot passed extremely near one of the boats, whistling just over the heads of the crew. This made them redouble their efforts. Pulling out with a will, they had reached the shore and landed before a second shot could be fired.

Hastening up a narrow street, the attacking party marched towards a large square in which the Governor's house was situated. The men were in high spirits at having once more got on shore; they had hopes, too, of a great find of treasure; and their huzzas, with the noise of their drums, made the enemy believe that at least three hundred men were upon them. As the British entered the square they received one volley from the merchants who owned the treasure, and who had placed themselves in a gallery that ran round the Governor's house. But at the first shot from the blue-jackets, the Spanish merchants fled, and the square was deserted.

Lieutenant Brett then divided his men into two

parties; one to capture the Governor, the other to storm the fort. But the Governor, roused out of his sleep by the uproar, fled without waiting to put on his clothes; and the defenders of the fort no sooner heard the enemy coming than they escaped over the walls with the greatest speed. Thus the whole place was mastered by the British within a quarter of an hour of their landing, with the loss of only one man killed, and two slightly wounded.

The sailors then set about carrying off whatever they could lay their hands on. The people of Paiza had all left their beds in haste, and the doors of their houses stood open. The sailors entered, and the first things they came upon were the clothes of the Spaniards, which were most of them covered with lace or embroidery. These glittering garments they seized and put on over their dirty trousers and jackets,—not forgetting the tie-wig and laced hat. Those of the sailors who came last, finding that all the men's clothes were already bespoken, were obliged to take up with women's gowns and bonnets, which they did not hesitate to put on over their own greasy dress. It may be imagined that this gave them a very ridiculous appearance, and Lieutenant Brett, coming up from the fort, could not at first believe they were his own people.

When morning broke, the captured treasure was carried off by the boats to the *Centurion*, which

had anchored in the bay. Meanwhile, the enemy had collected on a hill behind the town, where they had a force of two hundred horsemen, well armed and mounted, and with trumpets, drums, and standards. These troops marched about the hill, playing their military music, and looking very big; but they made no attack, so the sailors went on sending off the treasure as fast as the boats could be loaded.

So the day passed. The British kept a watch all night, and in the morning resumed their work, which was carried on all the second day without interference. On the third morning, the work was done. Then Anson ordered Lieutenant Brett to set fire to the town, and return on board. Accordingly, pitch, tar, and other combustibles were distributed about the town, the cannon in the fort was spiked; and then, setting fire to the houses on the windward side, Brett collected his men and marched them to the beach, where the boats waited to carry them off.

At this moment sixty of the Spanish horsemen marched down the hill as if to charge. But Brett no sooner ordered his men to halt and face about than the enemy stopped short, and never dared to advance a step further. Thus the whole party got safely off, and the *Centurion* sailed away loaded with treasure and fresh provisions, and filled with a merry crew, eager for new deeds of daring.

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud.
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth'
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub soar, singing, away'
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be'
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee'

—James Hogg.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies,

And winking Marybuds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise.
 Arise, arise.

—*Shakespeare*

A FIGHT WITH AN OSTRICH

Captain John Niel was riding along one afternoon in the Transvaal, when on the further side of a gentle slope before him there suddenly appeared an extraordinary sight. Over the crest of the rise of land a pony with a lady on its back came wibbly galloping, and after it, with wings spread and outstretched neck, a huge ostrich was speeding along, covering twelve or fifteen feet at every stride of its long legs.

The pony was coming towards John swiftly, but it could not distance the swiftest thing on earth. John Niel turned sick and shut his eyes as he rode, for he saw the ostrich's thick leg fly high into the air and then sweep down like a leaded bludgeon.

'That!' It had missed the lady and struck her horse upon the spine behind the saddle, so that it fell all of a heap on to the velvet. In a moment the girl on its back was up and off towards him, and after her came the ostrich. Up went the great leg again, but before it could come crashing on to her



A pony with a lady on his back came wildy galloping and after
a huge splash was dived up at me

(1847)

shoulders, she had flung herself face downwards the grass. In an instant the huge bird was on top of her, kicking at her, rolling over her, and crushing the very life out of her.

It was at this juncture that John Niel arrived upon the scene. The moment the ostrich saw it gave up its attacks on the lady on the ground and began to waltz towards him with a pompous sort of step that these birds sometimes assume before they give battle.

Now Captain Niel was unaccustomed to the quaint ways of ostriches, and so was his horse, who showed a strong inclination to bolt. But he did not abandon beauty in distress, so he slipped from his horse, and, with his hide whip in his hand, valiantly faced the enemy. For a moment the great bird stood still, blinking its lustrous eyes at him, and gently awaying its graceful wings to and fro. Then all of a sudden it spread its wings, and came for him like a thunderbolt.

He sprang to one side, and was aware of a shower of rushing feathers, and of a vision of a tail striking downwards past his head. Fortunately he missed him, and the ostrich sped past like a comet. Before he could turn, however, it was back, and landed the full weight of one of its forward legs on the broad of his back, and away he went on his heels like a shot rabbit.

In the second he was on his legs again.

indeed, but not much the worse, and perfectly mad with fury and pain. At him came the ostrich, and at the ostrich went he, catching it a blow across the slender neck with his whip that staggered it for a moment. Profiting by the check, he seized the bird by the wing and held on like grim death with both hands.

Then they began to gyrate, slowly at first, then quicker and yet more quick, till at last it seemed to Captain John Nid that the solid earth was nothing but a revolving vision. 'Thud' and a cloud of stars! He was on his back, and the ostrich, which did not seem affected by giddiness, was on *him*, punishing him dreadfully.

Half a minute passed, during which the bird (worked its sweet will) upon its prostrate enemy. Just as things were growing faint and dim to him, he suddenly saw a pair of white arms clasp themselves round the ostrich's legs from behind, and heard a voice cry, "Break its neck while I hold its legs, or it will kill you." This roused him from his torpor, and he staggered to his feet.

Meanwhile the ostrich and the young lady had come to the ground, and were rolling about together in a confused heap, over which the elegant neck and open hissing mouth wavered to and fro like a cobra about to strike. With a rush John seized the neck in both hands, and, putting out all his strength, he twisted it till it broke with a

snap, and after a few wild convulsive bounds and struggles the great bird lay dead.

—From H. Rider Haggard's "Jess". By permission of the Author, and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE MIGRATIONS OF ANIMALS.—I

With the approach of winter, many birds, as we all know, leave our shores to seek homes under warmer skies, and do not return until the cold dark days are over. It may not be so well known that many animals make similar migrations. Animals have been known to leave their native country, in a body and cross rivers, seas, and mountains in search of new homes. Nearly two hundred years ago, for instance, a vast army of brown rats left India, came through Persia, and made their way into all parts of Europe, driving before them the black rats which up to that time had inhabited the west.

But this complete change of abode is not very common, and, as a rule, animals migrate for a certain season, either driven by hunger and thirst to seek a place where food and drink are more plentiful, or else urged by a desire to find better hunting or grazing grounds. When the fruits of the sacred fig and other trees surrounding the temples of the Hindoos are beginning to ripen, the Brahmins who

tend temples and trees await with eagerness the arrival of the sacred monkeys. These unfailingly



Antelopes on the march.

appear, to strip the luscious fruits from the trees planted for their benefit, and also to rob and plunder in the neighbouring fields and gardens as long as it is worth while.

When the golden orange glows among the dark foliage in South American plantations, the capuchin monkeys make their appearance, often from a great distance, to share the fruit with the owner.

The lion journeys from place to place, follows the wandering herd-man on the steppes of Asia. Russian wolves followed close on the retreat of Napoleon's defeated army, pursuing the unfortunate fugitives as far as the middle of Germany. Such journeys as these, however, are undertaken simply to gratify a passing desire.

But there are other migrations which depend on the seasons, and occur regularly year by year. The chamois, the steinbock, the marmot, all migrate when the snow begins to melt, or a little later. They clamber over hillsides and glaciers to the heights above, where the pasturage, now laid bare, promises rich and abundant nourishment; and they return to the lower slopes of the mountain before winter sets in. The bisons of America have been followed for hundreds of miles along the track trodden out straight across plains and over mountains.

The antelopes of south-east Siberia forsake their home in winter, not because of hunger, but because of thirst. The pools of those high-lying regions are frozen, and when the animals find it impossible to break the strong sheets of ice, they set off for lands where they can find either water or snow to give refreshment to their parched tongues.

THE MIGRATIONS OF ANIMALS.—II

In the tundras of Russia and Siberia the lemmings increase so fast that frequently in autumn scarcity of food begins to be felt, and their comfortable life comes to an end in panic. Their fearless, bold demeanour gives place to a general uneasiness, and soon a mad anxiety for the future takes possession of them. Then they assemble together and begin to migrate. The same impulse moves many at the same moment, and from them it spreads to others; the swarms become armies; they arrange themselves in ranks, and a living stream flows like running water from the heights to the low grounds.

Gradually long trains are formed, in which lemming follows lemming so closely that the head of one seems to rest on the back of the one in front of it; and the continuous tread of the light little creatures hollows out paths deep enough to be visible from a long distance in the mossy carpet of the tundra. The longer the march lasts, the greater becomes the haste of the wandering lemmings.

Eagerly they fall upon the plants on and about their path, and devour whatever is eatable; but their numbers strip even a fresh district within a few hours, and though a few in front may pick up a little food, nothing is left for those behind. The hunger increases every minute, and the speed of the march quickens in proportion; every obstacle

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foxes, martens and weasels, ravenous dogs, eagles and snowy owls fatten on the victims which they seize without trouble from the moving army: gulls and fishes feast on those which cross the water. Thousands of carcasses lie rotting on the wayside, thousands are carried away by the waves.

Some years ago, a great army of squirrels appeared in a little town in the Ural Mountains. Sometimes in single file, sometimes in companies, the little animals pressed on; used the streets, as well as the hedges and the roofs of buildings, as paths; filled every courtyard, throged through windows and doors into the houses, and created quite an uproar among the inhabitants.

The procession lasted for three whole days, from early morning till late in the evening, and only after nightfall in each day was there a break in the living stream. All travelled in exactly the same direction, from south to north. A rushing mountain-river proved no obstacle, for all that reached the bank plunged without hesitation into its whirling waters, and swam, with their tails laid across their backs, to the opposite bank.

A gentleman who had been watching the procession rowed out into the midst of the throng. The tired swimmers, to which he stretched out an oar, climbed up by it into the boat, where they sat quietly and trustingly until it came alongside a larger vessel, when they climbed into that, and

remained on it for some time. As soon as the boat touched the opposite bank they sprang ashore, and proceeded on their journey as unconcernedly as if it had suffered no interruption.

—Adapted from A. E. Brehm's "From North Pole to Equator".

X THE PLOUGHBOY'S SONG.

(See Coloured Frontispiece.)

When winter winds have ceased to blow,
 And larks are on the wing,
 Behind our straining team I sow
 The seed with measured swing;
 I'm far afield as morning breaks,
 And birds awake to woo,
 I spy the lurking meadow-crakes,
 I hear the first cuckoo.
 Smock-frock, Billy-cock,
 Harvest-field and Hay,
 A whistle clear for all the year,
 And heart as fresh as May.

When round the corner of the barn
 Up sails the jolly sun,
 Sir Rooster struts abroad to warn
 'Tis time that work's begun,
 And through the swishing grass I go,
 Astride with swaying scythe,
 And mowers, singing as they mow,
 Take up my ditty blithe:

Smock-frock, Billy-cock,
Harvest-field and Hay,
A whistle clear for all the year,
And heart as fresh as May.

When fields are red with rustling wheat,
And sickles sweep and shine,
From sheaf to sheaf with tireless feet
I lead the reaper's line,
And when the children challenge me,
And stand in wonder mute,
Down from the topmost orchard-tree
I toss the golden fruit
Smock-frock, Billy-cock,
Harvest-field and Hay,
A whistle clear for all the year,
And heart as fresh as May

When in the hollow blue of night,
Cold shines the maiden moon,
And white frost makes December bright
As morrice-queens in June,
I haste across the sparkling wold
To save the flocks from harm,
While Gyp keeps watch on byre and fold,
And safely sleeps the farm
Smock-frock, Billy-cock,
Harvest-field and Hay,
A whistle clear for all the year,
And heart as fresh as May

—A. H. Beady By permission

THE SEA-HORSE

A fierce-looking creature is the walrus, or sea-horse, which lives in the icy regions of the north. From the peculiar wicked-looking tusks that hang down over the chin from the massive upper jaw, one jumps to the conclusion that he must be a terrible fighter. As a matter of fact, the walrus is among the most peaceable and inoffensive of animals, and these savage-looking teeth are used mainly in prodding and digging up clams and other shell-fish from their sand-beds, and in grubbing the roots of the wild celery and other plants.

The walrus is far too clumsy as a swimmer to capture fish, and he seems to be too much oppressed with his own unwieldy bulk to fight either by land or sea. Still, awkward as he is on shore, he is capable of exerting immense muscular power and displaying unwonted agility.

A large herd of walrus were once lying on the rocks, basking with great pleasure in the clear rays of an August sun. An old male was hauled up alone, a few hundred yards away from the herd, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Lurking in the background was a large polar bear, which had taken the scent of the old sea-horse, and stealthily approached him. Crouching and flattened to the ground, the bear rapidly came up to within a dozen yards of the dozing morse, when he sprang into a

*Family of Walrus.*

lumbering gallop, closed at once with him, and attempted to break in and crush his skull by dealing the astonished walrus a swift succession of thumping blows over the head with his powerful fore-paws.

The massive skull of the walrus was, however, too thick to give way, and after the first shock of surprise, he righted himself, and, without striking back a single blow, turned and started for the water. The infuriated bear leaped upon his broad, flabby back, buried his claws in the tough hide and his teeth in the neck of the unhappy walrus, and actually hung on and rode down in this manner twenty yards to the sea, where he quickly dismounted at the first touch of the waves.

Were it not for the sub-sistence furnished so largely by the flesh and oil of the morse, it is doubtful whether the Eskimo of North America could manage to live. Its flesh feeds them; its oil illuminates and warms their dark huts; its sinews make their bird-nets; its tough skin, stretched over the light wooden frame, constitutes their famous *lagak*; its intestines are converted into waterproof clothing; while the soles to its flippers are transferred to their feet. Finally, its ivory is a source of endless utility to them in domestic use, and in trade and barter.

As the walrus pass all their time on shore in sluggish basking or deep sleep, they keep watch and guard themselves from attack in a very clever way. There are always one or two sentinels stirring with their heads high up, snorting and grunting. These remain on duty only a short time, usually a few minutes, when they lie down to sleep but

before doing so they poke the drowsy forms of their companions with their tusks, causing them to rouse up suddenly. These stand on the alert in turn for a few minutes, and then poke up the next, and so it goes on through the entire herd. Thus there are always four or five of their number more vigilant than their drowsy fellows.

The Eskimo's idea of paradise is of a spirit land like the land he now lives on, but filled with countless herds of walrus and where he will always be sure of meat to eat. When a traveller tried to argue with one of these people that we could get along very well in the next world without these unsavoury monsters, the emphatic reply was, "Without walrus there is no heaven."

WITH LORD ELGIN IN JAPAN - I

[In the year 1862 the Earl of Elgin went on a mission to China and Japan, with the object of arranging commercial treaties between those countries and Britain. The following is the description written by his private secretary, of Lord Elgin's landing at Yokohama, the town at which he met the Japanese "missionary"]

On the morning of the 15th of August, great preparations were made in order that our landing might take place with due éclat. We dropped anchor, and got into our boats. As we did so, the ships thundered forth a salute, the band of the

Retribution, in a paddle-box boat, struck up "*Rule Britannia!*" and the rest of the boats formed in procession, Lord Elgin's barge in the centre, between four paddle-box boats, each with a brass gun in the bow. In this order we pulled along the shore for about three miles, a spectacle such as Japanese eyes had never before witnessed, and the novelty of which induced numerous boats to push off and take a nearer view of us as we moved steadily and rapidly along.

The landing-place was about the centre of the city, which is here protected along the surface by green batteries: the grassy slopes, dotted with handsome trees, would rather lead us to suppose that we were approaching a park than the most populous part of a densely-crowded city. We turned off from the waters of the bay into a little creek, spanned by a bridge. So shallow, however, was the water that we had some difficulty in forcing even the smaller boats to the foot of the stairs. We were consoled for the inconvenience by being informed that this was the landing-place for the exclusive use of the highest officers of state.

I soon found myself upon a fiery galloway, perched on a very hard saddle, my feet in stirrups almost big enough to go to sea in, and shaped like Turkish slipper. They are pointed at the end so as to serve the purpose of a spur, and if the horse balks, the great business of life is to keep the

stirrup from touching him. I found time to observe that my horse's tail was carefully tied up in a long bag which almost reached the ground; and that his feet were swaddled in straw shoes, an abundant supply of which I carried hanging under my stirrups. These are carefully fastened on with lashings of twisted straw, and whenever one shoe was worn out or kicked off another was immediately tied on: hence arises the custom in Japan of measuring distances by horse's shoes. Here you ask, in how many horse-shoes will I reach my destination? which, after all, does not differ very much from the old problem of how many cows' tails will reach the moon.

Fortunately each horse was attended by two grooms, it being a great point with a Japanese that the public should suppose him riding an animal so spirited that the combined exertions of two men are scarcely sufficient to restrain his ardour. These men tugged incessantly at the mouth of my poor steed, shouting to him constantly, "Chai, chai!" which means "Gently, gently!" and making an immense fuss whenever we came to a gutter. I was too glad to be relieved of the trouble of guiding him to interfere, and the muslin reins hung listlessly between my fingers.

~ WITH LORD ELGIN IN JAPAN.—II.

Meantime the procession was formed, and was by no means unpicturesque. In front marched a pompous official, accompanied by a man carrying a spear, the badge of authority. He was closely followed by a knot of officials in a neat costume of a coarse-looking black gauze, like thick mosquito curtains. Some were dressed exactly alike, others wore blue and white dresses; but every individual was evidently in a uniform befitting his rank and position. All these men, however, were probably servants: some carried aloft umbrellas covered with large waterproof bags, and others lacquered port-manteaus on poles over their shoulders.

On each side of the procession walked policemen in a sort of harlequin costume, composed of as many colours as if their dress was made from a patchwork counterpane. Each of these men carried an iron rod six or seven feet long, from the top of which depended a quantity of iron rings. Every time that this rod was brought to the ground with the jerk of authority, it emitted a loud jingle, which was heard far and wide through the crowd, and was, I am bound to say, respected by them accordingly. Behind this vanguard we came, some on horseback and some in palanquins; and more men in black gauze, and umbrella carriers, and variegated policemen brought up the rear.

As for the crowd, it was wild with excitement.



English Embassy in Yedo, Japan 1857

The inhabitants of every cross street and lane

poured out to see us pass. The excitement of maid-servants in our own country, when the strains of martial music fall upon their ears, was nothing to it. There were mothers with small babies hanging over their shoulders, hastening to swell the crowd; children dodging under old people's legs, and old people tottering after children; and bathers crowding the doorways.

The clatter of pattens was quite remarkable: as all the women wear high wooden pattens, which are very inconvenient to run in, and as the women in Japan, as in England, formed the largest portion of the mob, the scuffling they made added to the tumult. Not that the people were the least disorderly. They laughed and stared and ran parallel with us till stopped by a barrier, for the Japanese are perfect in the management of crowds. In the principal streets there are wooden gates about every two hundred yards, with a gatekeeper seated in a little house like a turnpike. The moment we pass this, the gate is shut, and the old crowd is left behind to crane through the bars, and watch with anxious eyes the new crowd forming. All the cross streets entering the main street are shut off from it by ropes stretched across them, under or over which the people never attempt to pass.

The crowd was, to all appearance, composed entirely of the shopkeepers and lower classes. The

men were decently clothed, and the women wore a sort of jacket above their skirt. The first impression of the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd is in the highest degree unfavourable. The ghastly appearance of the faces and necks thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect.

For at least two miles did we pass between two rows of human beings, six or eight deep, until at last, turning down a short lane and passing between a pair of heavy wooden gates, which closed behind us, we entered a courtyard formed by a temple and its adjacent buildings, at one corner of which a number of servants were standing on the steps of a verandah, waiting to receive us. Here we dismounted, and exultingly took possession of our future residence in Yedo.

—From *Laurence Oliphant's "Narrative of the Mission of Lord Elgin,"* by permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THE HOT WIND OF AUSTRALIA \

At home in England the North Wind means strong, cold, biting blasts—the very breath of the Ice-king who reigns at the North Pole. But to our cousins in Australia the North Wind is dreaded as a scorching dust-laden tyrant.

You may know when the terror is coming by various signs. Sometimes there is an ominous silence. Nature seems to listen with bated breath and hushed whisper; the distance darkens, a lurid glow gradually overspreads the blue-vaulted sky, closing in rapidly; while blasts of heated air strike against the cheek as if just escaped from a fiery furnace.

This is but a first canter; soon the viewless presence falls into swift, full-measured paces, keeping up a continuous current of scorching wind, that withers all the freshness of youth. Ere long a vast driving column of dark clouds draws nearer; there is a rush, a giddy whirl, a noise as of wings in the air, and then it leaps down upon you like an avalanche, only not of pure white snow, but dust—loathsome, gritty, choking, spluttering, ear-filling, eye-blinding dust! It gets down your neck, up your coat-sleeves, and into your boots, your pockets—where does it not penetrate?

When on the rampage, there is nothing sacred to the dust-fiend. On Sundays, about the time of morning service is a favourite hour for its dreaded appearance. It rushes past the pew-openers, sweeps up the church aisles, bedecks the cushions, and scatters the printed notices right and left.

It charges up the busy streets, flashes through the omnibuses, in at one window and out of the
' like a clown in a pantomime. But not all
'

of it! not the six bushels! Shake yourself and see.

Then it spins along the highways, pounces down on the scavengers' heaps of dead leaves and other odds and ends; and they are gone, and their place knows them no more.

Every window in the cities is closed, and the heated blast chafes and howls about the casements in a frenzy of impotent rage. Should anyone turn a street corner sprucely dressed, straightway it makes for him.

The air soon becomes filled with atoms as lively as soda-water. The whole country seems shrouded by an atmosphere whipped to the thickness of pea-soup. One side of the street is sometimes as completely hidden from the other side as by a November fog in London. Woe to the unlucky housemaid who has unawares left open a single window! Repentance in sackcloth and dust will be her lot.

Thus the enemy speeds up and down the day through. The heat is stifling, but people will seek to close every avenue of approach. Batten down and stew is the order of the day. Should the rascal succeed in getting in, he sweeps through the hall, rushes upstairs, and bangs every door like a maniac.

These winds sometimes last two or three days, or even longer. Their cessation is sudden and

FIFTH BOOK.

ve. And then the gentle rain comes down
converts the dust into mud, and the sun shines
no more. Alas! the enemy has not gone.

It may be to-morrow, or it may not be
days, but some day return he will.

—*Stephen Thompson* From "*Murray's Magazine*" (Adapted
by permission of Mr. John Murray.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Welcome, wild North-easter
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr.
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

stirrup from touching him. I found time to observe that my horse's tail was carefully tied up in a long bag which almost reached the ground; and that his feet were swaddled in straw shoes, an abundant supply of which I carried hanging under my stirrups. These are carefully fastened on with lashings of twisted straw, and whenever one shoe was worn out or kicked off another was immediately tied on: hence arises the custom in Japan of measuring distances by horses' shoes. Here you ask, in how many horse shoes will I reach my destination? which, after all, does not differ very much from the old problem of how many cows' tails will reach the moon.

Fortunately each horse was attended by two grooms, it being a great point with a Japanese that the public should suppose him riding an animal so spirited that the combined exertions of two men are scarcely sufficient to restrain his ardour. These men tugged incessantly at the mouth of my poor steed, shouting to him constantly, "Chai, chai!" which means "Gently, gently!" and making an immense fuss whenever we came to a gutter. I was too glad to be relieved of the trouble of guiding him to interfere, and the muslin reins hung listlessly between my fingers.

Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
 Fill the marsh with snipe,
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir-forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow-flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
 Hark' The brave North-easter'
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On byholt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Through the sleet and snow
 Who can over-ride you?
 Let the horses go'
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Down the roaring blast,
 You shall see a fox die
 Ere an hour be past
 Go' and rest to-morrow,
 Hunting in your dreams,
 While our skates are ringing
 O'er the frozen streams.
 Let the luscious South-wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
 While the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.
 What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen?
 'Tis the hard gray weather
 Breeds hard English men

What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea,
Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

—Charles Kingsley.

AMONG THE ICE-FLOES.

It was on a dark night in March, 1882, when we, on board a Norwegian sealer, met the first floes in the neighbourhood of Jan Mayen, and ice was announced ahead. I ran on deck and gazed ahead, but all was black as pitch and indistinguishable to me. Then suddenly something huge and white loomed out of the darkness, and grew in size and whiteness, a marvellous whiteness in contrast to the inky sea, on the dark waves of which it rocked and swayed. This was the first floe gliding by us. Soon more came, gleaming far ahead, rustling by

us with a strange rippling sound, and disappearing again far behind. Then I saw a singular light in the northern sky, brightest down at the horizon, but stretching far up towards the zenith. I had not noticed this before, and as I looked I heard a curious murmur to the north like that of breakers on a rocky coast, but more rustling and crisper in sound. The whole made a peculiar impression upon me, and I felt instinctively that I stood on the threshold of a new world.

What did all this mean? Were these the fields of ice in front of us to the north? But what were the sound and light? The light was the reflection which the white masses of ice always throw up when the air is thick, as it was that night, and the sound came from the sea breaking over the floes while they collided and grated one against the other. On still nights this noise may be heard far out to sea.

But we drew nearer and nearer, the noise grew louder, the drifting floes more and more frequent, and now and again the vessel struck one or another of them. With a loud report the floe reared on end, and was thrust aside by our strong bows. Sometimes the shock was so violent that the whole ship trembled and we were thrown off our feet upon the deck. Not long, indeed, were we allowed to doubt that we were now voyaging in waters new and strange to us.

taking her own course in the darkness. The swell grew heavier and heavier, and made things worse than ever. The floes reared on end and fell upon each other; all around us was seething and noise, the wind whistled in the rigging and not a word was to be heard save the captain's calm but vigorous orders, which prevailed over the roaring of the sea.

Precisely and silently were they obeyed by the pale men, who were all on deck, as none dared risk his life by staying below, now that the ship was straining in every joint. We bore steadily inwards into the darkness. It was no use trying to guide the vessel here; she had to be left to herself, like the horses on the mountains at home. The water seethed and roared round our bows, the floes were rolled over, split in pieces, forced under or thrust aside, nothing holding its own against us.

Then one looms ahead, huge and white, and threatens to carry away the davits and rigging on one side. Hastily the boat which hangs in the davits is swung in on to the deck, the helm is put down, and we glide by uninjured. Then comes a big sea on our quarter, breaking as it nears us, and as it strikes us heavily we hear a crash and the whistling of splinters about our ears, while the port is thrown across the deck, a floe having broken the bulwarks on the weather-side. The ship heels

over, we hear another crash, and the bulwarks are broken in several places on the lee-side too.

But as we get further into the ice it grows calmer. The sea loses its force, the noise is deadened, though *the storm tears over us with more fury than ever*. The wind whistles and shrieks in the rigging, and we can scarcely keep our footing on the deck. The storm seems to rage because it cannot roll at its will in the open sea; but here at least we can ride at our ease.

We had played a dangerous game by taking to the ice in a storm, but we had come out of it unscathed and were now in smooth water. When I came on deck next morning the sun was shining, the ice lay white and still around us, and only the broken bulwarks grinning in the morning sun called to mind the stormy night.

—From *Fridtjof Nansen's "Across Greenland"*,
by permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.

ANIMAL MIMICS.

Have you ever wondered why the skins of animals have particular colours? Probably you have not, and it is very likely that most people would be surprised to hear that there is any reason for the colours at all. But there are reasons. Colour in animals seems to be either 'protective'

or 'warning'. The object of the first is to render the animal not easy to be seen, the object of the second is the opposite, to make it easy to be seen.

Lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey which move quietly through great masses of bush or jungle, are often not to be distinguished from the vegetation surrounding them. The stripes of the



Puff-adder

tiger, for instance, much resemble the long reed-like stalks of the jungle. One of the most beautiful and ornate of all tropical reptiles is the puff-adder. This animal, the bite of which is certain death, is from three to five feet long, and in some parts is almost as thick as the lower part of a man's thigh. The whole body is ornamented with strange devices in green, yellow and black, and lying in a museum its glittering coils certainly form a most striking object.

But in nature the puff-adder has a very different background. It is a forest animal, its true dwelling-place being among the fallen leaves in the deep shade of the trees by the banks of streams. No in such a position, at the distance of a foot or two its appearance so exactly resembles the forest leaf as to be almost indistinguishable from it. I was once just throwing myself down under a tree-rest when, stooping to clear the spot, I noticed a peculiar pattern among the leaves. I started in horror, to find a puff-adder of the largest size, only its thick back visible, and its fangs within a few inches of my face as I stooped. It was concealed among fallen leaves so like itself, but for the exceptional caution which in African travel becomes a habit, I should certainly have stooped down upon it: and to sit down upon a puff-adder is to sit down for the last time.

I had stopped one day among some tall grass to mark a reading of the aneroid, when my men suddenly shouted "Chirombo!" *Chirombo* means an inedible beast of any kind, and I was round to see where the animal was. The man pointed straight at myself. I could see nothing, but he approached, and pointing close to my feet, of hay which had fallen upon my coat, he said "Chirombo!" Believing that it must be an insect among the hay, I took it in my hand, looked over it, and told him pointedly that

no Chirombo there. He smiled, and pointing again to the hay exclaimed, "Moio!"—"It's alive!"

The hay itself was the Chirombo! I do not exaggerate when I say that that wisp of hay was no more like an insect than my aneroid barometer.



Caterpillar resembling twig



Butterfly resembling leaf



Insect resembling piece of stick

Take two inches of dried yellow grass-stalk; then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick: bend each in the middle at any angle you like, stick them in three opposite pairs upon the first grass-stalk, and you have my Chirombo. When you catch him, his limbs are twisted about at every angle, as if the whole were made of one

long stalk of the most delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed up into an untidy heap. Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct he never moves or varies one of his many angles by half a degree.

The way this insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself; you may turn him about, and over and over, but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of movement. All the members of this family have this power of shamming death: but how such emaciated and juiceless skeletons *should* ever presume to be alive is the real mystery.

—Adapted from Prof. Henry Drummond's "*Tropical Africa*",
by permission of his representatives.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, Papa, I am not crying for
pain,

Do not mind my shaking, Papa, I am not shaking with
fear,

Tho' the wild wild wind is hideous to hear,

And I see the snow and the rain.

When will you come back again,

Papa, Papa?

Somebody else that you love, Papa,

Somebody else that you dearly love

Is weary, like me, because you're away.
 Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move
 And I seem to know what they're going to say.
 And every day, and all the long day
 I long to cry, "Mama, Mama
 When will Papa come back again?"
 But before I can say it I see the pain
 Creeping up on her white white cheek
 As the sweet sad sunshine creeps up the white wall.
 And then I am sorry and fear to speak
 And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek
 As the sad sweet sunshine goes from the wall
 Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall
 That I might throw my arms round her neck
 And say, "Dear Mama, oh what is it all
 That I see and see and do not see
 In your white white face all the livelong day?"
 But she hides her grief from a child like me
 When will you come back again
 Papa, Papa!

Where were you going Papa, Papa?
 All this long while have you been on the sea?
 When she looks as if she saw far away
 Is she thinking of you and what does she see?
 Are the white sails blowing
 And the blue men rowing
 And are you standing on the high deck
 Where we saw you stand till the ship grew gray
 And we watched and watched till the ship was a speck,
 And the dark came first to you far away?
 I wish I could see what she can see
 But she hides her grief from a child like me

When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Don't you remember, Papa, Papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window pane;
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more sweet
To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.
When will you come back again,
Papa, papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire,
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody wise and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?"
Papa, Papa, if I could but know—
Do you think her voice was always so low?
Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she told,
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
lived together, all three.
My heart seems to sink, Papa,
as if I could be happy no more.

Is she changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream she was brighter before?

She makes me remember my snowdrop, Papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you,
The sweetest snowdrop that ever I knew!
But I put it out of the sun and the rain:
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell, and green leaves four.
It was green and white when I found it that day,
It had one pale bell, and green leaves four,
But I was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, Papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa,
I am not shaking for fear.
Tho' the wild, wild wind is hideous to hear
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

—*Sydney Delell* By special permission of Mrs. Sydney Delell.

JOSEPH THOMSON, AFRICAN EXPLORER—I.

Joseph Thomson was born on Saint Valentine's Day, 1858. His boyhood was spent in Nithsdale, first at the pleasant village of Penpont on the western side of the valley, and then at the secluded hamlet of Gatelawbridge on the eastern side.

The district is one of the loveliest in the south of Scotland, and it is as rich in romantic memories as it is in features of beauty. The lad as he grew up was keenly alive to both. With a joyous heart he rambled far and wide, until he grew familiar with even the most hidden recesses of his native vale. Even as a child he seemed a born explorer, and his reading ministered greatly to his passion for searching out new places.

It was when he was about eleven years of age that he really discovered his vocation in life. Some books of travel fell into his hands. Among them were the works of David Livingstone. From that time interest in Africa and its benighted tribes became a passion with him. He resolved that too would explore the Dark Continent. From that purpose he never swerved. All his studies, even his habits of life, were chosen with a view to the work on which his heart was set.

In 1878, when he was twenty years of age, an opportunity came. He had just finished his university course, and returned home with his honors and medals. As he was wondering what he should do next, he accidentally learned that an expedition to the Central African Lakes was being fitted out by the Royal Geographical Society, and that a scientific assistant was wanted. He promptly offered to go without salary. To his surprise and joy he was accepted, and in a few months, so

with novel experiences that he almost felt himself in dreamland, he was on the east coast of Africa, ready to face the unknown perils that awaited him in the Dark Continent.

He set out on the long journey with a light heart,



Joseph Thomson

From a photograph.

By J. Paget, Lond.

but soon his courage and wisdom were tried in a terrible fashion. The caravan had not left the coast a month when his chief sickened and died. What was he to do? The moment was a searching one. But if he was only a boy in years, he had the

heart of a strong man. He would not turn back; he would take his life in his hand and march right on!

In resolving to carry out the expedition, he laid down for himself a rule which will ever be remembered to his honour. He would meet the stranger tribes as a Christian and a man of peace, and would try to conquer opposition only by gentleness. To do this required more real bravery than the use of force would have done; but he kept true to his rule, and he found it a golden one.

The wisdom of his chosen method was proved again and again. If he had relied upon his weapons, the natives would have met force with force. But his quiet fearlessness filled them with a feeling of awe, because they could not understand. More than once the uplifted axe was arrested, the arrow drawn to pierce his heart was turned harmlessly aside, by nothing more than a smile. His confidence seemed to the savages "canny", and they dared not hurt him.

Thus he led his men over the dreary and desolate plateau between the coast and Lake Nyasa; through the unexplored tract to Lake Tanganyika. With immense toil he crossed the wild mountain region on the western side of Tanganyika, afterward pressed on to the valley of the River Congo. The difficulties were very great. He was ill most of the time. Perils also

incessant. One day he nearly sat down upon a great python. When bathing in Lake Tanganyika he narrowly escaped being seized by a crocodile. On another occasion a lion snuffed and growled around his frail little tent for the greater part of a night, he expecting every moment to find himself in the animal's clutches.

But neither toil, nor illness, nor danger was permitted to stay his course until his purpose was fulfilled. Fourteen months after his start from the coast he reappeared there, having meantime finished a journey of some three thousand miles. He had done a vast amount of scientific work, he had gained knowledge of many strange peoples and explored countries hitherto unknown, and he had finished his great task without having made an enemy or lost a single man. The keen explorer had indeed "won his spurs," and he arrived in this country to find himself already famous.

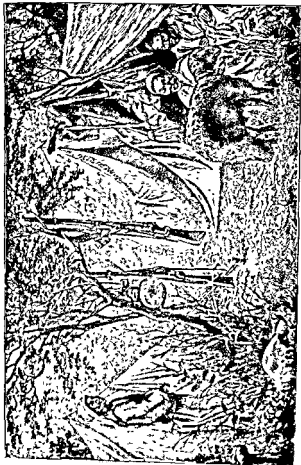
His eager spirit would not allow him long to rest at home. Within a year he was once more on the way to East Africa. This time he went out in the service of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had heard of his skill in geology, and who wished him to search the upper regions of the Rovuma River for coal fields which were said to exist there.

Compared with the former expedition this trip was more like a holiday of adventure. The country was a splendid hunting ground and swarmed with

big game. But he was often saddened by the traces of the ruin worked by the slave-trade—rich lands being quite depopulated, and given over to the wild beasts. Unfortunately the coal-fields turned out to be a myth; and as the sultan was very much disappointed to be told the simple truth, Thomson gave up his appointment and returned to this country.

JOSEPH THOMSON, AFRICAN EXPLORER.—II

In the year 1882 he entered on his most famous and most hazardous journey, when he visited the great snow-capped mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenya. In this journey he passed through the wonderful "Great Rift Valley", with its weird wild scenery, its volcanic craters, its hot springs and steaming holes; he examined Lake Baringo with its beautiful islets, and thence passed on to Lake Victoria Nyanza. No white man had ever before been able to enter this region; for it was inhabited by a strong tribe of fierce and cruel savages—the Madi—who had either plundered or murdered without mercy those who had attempted to pass that way. Joseph Thomson, however, succeeded where all others had failed. He and his men travelled in constant peril of their lives, and he had to endure indignities and hardships without number. At



Joseph Thompson's Camp in Central Africa.

hitherto, but a people partly civilized, full of activity and cleverness, and all alive to the advantages of commerce. His chief difficulties, by the way, lay with his own followers, who were a bad lot. At one point they mutinied, and one of their number made a desperate attempt to murder him, the others quietly looking on. In the end, however, he came out, as usual, master of the situation.

His plan of campaign brought him experiences of the most piquant sort. At the courts of the sultans he was entertained with royal lavishness, and even with a kind of oriental splendour, while in the cities the aspects of Central Soudan life were to him novel in the extreme. But he could not linger to study these things, however much he wished to do so. His health had been sorely tried by his labours, and with his precious treaties in his pocket he was fain to hasten home.

JOSEPH THOMSON, AFRICAN EXPLORER.—III.

His next expedition was one undertaken of his own choice. He was anxious to get a glimpse of the Moors in their own land, and to explore the unknown parts of the Atlas Mountains. In the spring of 1888, therefore, he set sail for North Africa.

From the first he had to encounter all kinds of

annoying difficulties. The sultan was suspicious, and threw all manner of obstacles in his way; the people were fanatical, and more ready to resist than to help him; and his men for the most part were a set of treacherous rascals. But he was not to be daunted, and his courage again had its reward. He crossed the great Atlas range at half a dozen different places, he scaled some of its loftiest peaks—one of them nearly thirteen thousand feet high,—and he visited some of its most inaccessible castles and villages. Again and again, however, his life was in jeopardy. His feats of mountain-climbing had more than once to be done in defiance of a shower of bullets, and in the city of Morocco itself it was almost a miracle that he escaped being battered to death with the stones of a fanatical mob. On the whole he was vastly disappointed with both the country and the people of Morocco, and when a message came recalling him to England he was nothing loth to say good-bye to them.

He had now penetrated Africa from the east, the west, and the north. His sixth and last journey took him to the south. In 1890 he proceeded by way of the River Zambesi to secure for the British South Africa Company the wide unexplored reach of country between Lake Nyasa and Lake Bangweolo.

The story of this journey forms a sad concluding chapter in his remarkable career. He had not left

Lake Nyasa far behind when his caravan was smitten with the dread scourge of those regions—small-pox. For weeks and months the company marched on in woeful plight. Every now and then men had to be left behind to die. The tribes, in terror of the disease, either shunned them or opposed them. Then, to crown their calamities, the leader himself was seized with a most painful malady, and in the end had to submit to be carried. In all his agony he attended to the affairs of the caravan, and by dint of heroic resolution he quite completed his mission. But when he again reached Lake Nyasa, it was with only a fraction of his former company, and he himself was more dead than alive.

So closed the story of Joseph Thomson's African explorations. For he never got over the effects of this grievous illness. The next four years were years of great and ceaseless suffering, suffering borne in a brave, uncomplaining spirit. After a long vain quest for health, he died in London on the 2nd of August, 1895.

Joseph Thomson was only thirty-seven years of age at his death, and he had spent but twelve years in active exploration; yet into these he had compressed the work of a long lifetime. He had opened up enormous spaces of Africa to the influence of civilization and to the advantages of British rule. But, what was better, he had finished his

brilliant record as a pioneer without shedding a drop of human blood, making it easier for white men to follow him, leaving a sweet name behind him in every tribe which he visited, and fully justifying his own chosen motto—"He who goes gently goes safely, he who goes safely goes far". He has been called 'the Bayard of African travel', and truly, as a knight of modern chivalry, he was "without fear and without reproach".

—Written for this book by the
Rev. J. B. Thomson, the explorer & biographer.

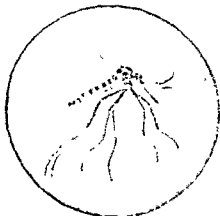
A WAYSIDE POOL—I

"Only a dirty pond!" says someone.

Wait a bit. Don't despise even a pond in your country ramble. Several life-histories are being written, even here, which are among nature's miracles. Here, for instance, are myriads of GNATS whirling round and round above the surface of the water, ready to sting, by way of frolic, any unwary animal or person who ventures near them. How did they get there? Where did they first of all come from?

Catch a few of them and look closely. Some have *antennæ*, or horns, as we call them, that are feathery in appearance. Each is made up of fourteen joints, every joint having a tiny tuft of hairs

on each side. All these tufts make up the 'feather'. Others have almost plain, thread-like *antenna*, with no feathers. These are the female gnats, those with the feathery horns being the males. Under a microscope, you would see that the body, limbs, and nearly every other part are literally covered



The male - head enlarged.

with very minute scales showing all the crevices of the surface, and that the *antennae* of the female are not up so plain, but have tufts of hair (you will remember by the illustration)

The male gnat does not bite. The female is the vector in this respect, and it is with her you must carefully proceed for yourself. Its proboscis is an interesting organ,

has no fewer than five cutting instruments. A formidable weapon! The bite causes very little pain, the irritation being due to a liquid which the insect sends into the wound.

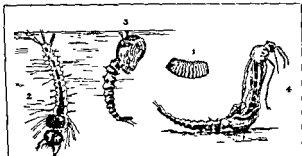
The Gnat belongs to the class *Insecta*, or Insects, and to the order *Diptera*—‘two-winged’ insects, an order which includes the Common Fly, the Daddy-long-legs or Crane-fly, and others. Being a true insect, it passes through three transformations or changes—the *Larva* or Grub, the *Pupa* or Chrysalis, and the *Imago* or Perfect Insect.

This is how they come about. In the spring the mother gnat lays her eggs in the water. Each egg is spindle-shaped, and very tiny. The upper end must be exposed to the sun; the lower end must be in the water, so that the grub may escape from it into its natural home. Each egg, although so small, is heavy enough to sink, if left alone.

The gnat looks for a leaf or bit of stick floating in the pond, and resting on this, places on the water her two hind-legs crosswise, like the letter X. One by one, as she lays the eggs, she passes them along these legs, and places them in the lower angle, covering each with a sticky fluid, which keeps it from being damaged by water. When all are thus arranged, they form a little boat-shaped mass about as large as a caraway seed, which now floats quite easily, according to a well-known law.

You can always find these boats in a still pond,

or in a water-butt, near the edges. You do not see them in running water, as the grubs are unable to live in such a condition. The boats are left to themselves, and are quite safe. If upset, they at once right themselves; if pushed under, they rise again. One fact more. Every egg has a trap door



The Great

1. Egg, 2. Larva, 3. Pupa or Chrysalis, 4. Perfect Larva emerging from case.

below, so that the grub, when ready, can push this open and escape into the water.

A little later on, you can see crowds of these grubs, rising and falling, and scampering about in search of food, which consists of tiny water insects and microscopic organisms of all kinds. They are jointed creatures, with hair-tufts at the joints, which act as swimming organs, as they possess no feet. At the mouth end are two feelers with hairs on them; with these they sweep their food into the

mouth. At the other end is a fan-shaped tuft of hairs which serves to keep that end at the surface, so that they swim head downwards! Why? Because they are air-breathers, and the little tube by which they take the air in is on the joint next to this tuft of hairs, and projects above the water. They want, therefore, to keep that end upwards. It is during this stage of its life that the gnat devours all kinds of decaying animal and plant matter, and thus helps to keep the water pure.

A WAYSIDE POOL—II

After casting its skin three times, the grub alters its body in several respects, throws off its skin a fourth time, and comes out as the *Pupa* or *Chrysalis*.

It is now entirely covered up and very curiously bent, with the head and chest joined into a large mass, the rest of its body being much smaller, something like a tadpole in general appearance. It can still swim about, but it takes no food whatever. It swims by a kind of fin, which is developed at the tail end. The little tube which the grub used in order to breathe disappears, and the *Pupa* takes the very opposite position to that of the *Larva*; that is, it swims head upwards. We find now two little tubes behind the head. These rise above the


water surface, and through them the creature draws in the air necessary for its life.

During this time all the organs of the perfect insect, the gnat, as we know it, are being slowly formed inside the covering, and may be seen through it.

Presently we find the pupa stretching itself out a little near the surface of the water, with its 'shoulder', so to speak, a little raised above it. This position shows us that the time is close at hand for the last transformation to be made, and for the gnat to escape from the chrysalis case.

How is this to be done? It must take place without the insect getting wet, because it cannot live except in the air. A wetting would probably mean a drowning. The pupa has no legs with which to crawl up the bank, neither can it climb the stem of a friendly water-plant as the pupa of the dragon-fly can.

It is just here that one of the most wonderful events in this curious life-history happens. As the gnat becomes more perfect, the pupa-case swells and becomes more buoyant, and so floats. The head and chest appear above the water, the rest of the case lying horizontally, partly above, partly below the water. The exposed portion now dries, and gradually splits all along, the entire case looking like an open boat, the head end being the larger and able to bear the most weight.



From its end the gnat slowly emerges, its tiny feet to balance itself on as it crawls out of the case. Now is the critical moment. If the water be rough or a breeze upset the insect goes with it, and in this way hundreds of gnats are drowned. If it be calm, the gnat gently draws out its legs one by one, and then places its tiny feet on the water close to its body, while it draws its beautiful wings to the side for flight. This occupies only a very few moments. Here is our insect, which as egg and chrysalis has lived in the water, using its covering to protect it from the very elements which, a few minutes before, it was quietly exiting. A little later, it gives the first rapid downstroke of the wings, and away it goes into its newly-found world.

Only a pond? But a deep and wondrous world there. Only a gnat? But a marvellous life-history full of infinite meaning.

From the tiny but perfectly-moulded egg through the useful larva stage, when it is more friend than foe to us, in the enshrouded pupa-case where the building of the future form is so wonderfully carried on, up to the time of beauty, radiance and power to soar in the upper air, this little creature, despised and maligned, lives its own brief life and performs its own tiny bit of work in the world. And the gnat is only a type of the myriads of

insignificant creatures whose lives are a source of absorbing interest to all who have eyes to see and patience to observe. Don't, therefore, think a country walk a waste of time, or scamper along at express speed; but remember that every stream and hedgerow has beauties and wonders, like the wayside pool.

— *Written for this book by H. W. S. Wordey Benson.*

X ON A WINTER'S MORNING

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now, with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stops for aught.

— *William Cooper.*

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE



Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare

A RACE WITH THE TIDE.—I.

It is a day of burning August—so hot that Matt and his father, David Strang, have left their coats on the beach. They are out on the sand flats wading for salmon among the giant saucers of salt water left by the tide, for this is one of the rare spots where the fish may be taken thus. What fun it is, spearing them in a joyous rivalry that makes the fishers well-nigh jab each others' toes with their pitchforks, and completely tear each others' shirt-sleeves in the friendly tussle for a darting monster!

Farther and farther they wander till their backs are bowed with the spoil, the shell-fish in a little basket, the scaly fish strung together by a small rope passing through their gills. The boy carries the shad and the man the heavier salmon. At last, as they are turning homewards, late in the afternoon, Matt stands still suddenly, lost in admiration of the beauty of the scene—the shimmering pools, the stretch of brown sand, the blue sky tinged with pink clouds. Father and boy stand talking till the former utters a sudden exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asks Matt, startled.

"I guess you're a silly Billy, standing jabbering when the tide's rushing in. We'll have to run for it."

Matt gives a hasty glance to the left, then takes to his heels straight across the sands in pace with

his father. The sea is racing towards them from the left, and to get to shore they must shoot straight across the galloping current. They are at the head of the Bay of Fundy, where the tide reaches a maximum speed of ten miles an hour, and the sailor, so rarely at home, has forgotten its peculiarity.

"You might have kept your weather-eye open," he growls. "I wonder you've never been drowned before."

"We shall never do it, father," pants Matt, taking no notice of the reproach, for the waves are already lapping the rim of the little sand island on which they find themselves, and the pools in which they had waded are filling up rapidly.

"Throw them away," jerks the father, and Matt, with a sigh of regret, unstrings his fishes, and putting the string in his pocket, speeds on with renewed strength. But the sun flares mercilessly through the haze, and when they reach the end of their island they step into three feet of water, with the safe shore a quarter of a mile off.

"I suppose you can't swim, sonny?" says the man.

"Not so far as that," says Matt, meekly.

David grunts, and, shifting his pitchfork to his left hand, grasps Matt with his right, and lifts him back on to the burning sand, already soddened by a thin frothy wash.

"Now then, hand me your fork," he says crossly.

He knocks out the iron prongs of both the pitchforks, ties the wooden handles securely together by the string, and fixes the apparatus across the boy's breast and under his arms. To finish the job easily he has to climb back on the sand-island; for, though he stands in a little eddy, it is impossible to keep his feet against the fierce swirl of the waters, and even on the island, where there is as yet only a few inches of sea, the less sturdy Matt is almost swept away to the right by the mad charge of the tide on his left flank.

"Now then," cries David, "it's about time we were home to supper. I'll swim ye for your flapjacks."

"But, father," says Matt; "you're not going to carry the fish on your back?"

"They won't carry me on theirs," David laughs. "What would the mother think if we came home without a prize in tow? Avast there! I'll teach you how I'll get out of carrying them on my back."

And with a chuckle he launches himself into the eddy, and shoots forward with a vigorous side-stroke.

"This side up with care," he cries cheerily. "Jump, sonny, straight forwards."

A RACE WITH THE TIDE—II.

In a moment, the man and the boy are swimming hard for the strip of shore directly opposite the sand-island, the spot where they have left their coats hours before. But neither has the slightest expectation of reaching it, for the tide is sweeping them forward with fearful speed to the right of it.

After a while, feeling himself well buoyed up by the handles, Matt breathes more easily, and gradually becomes quite happy, for the water is calm on the surface, and of the warmth and colour of tepid coffee-and-milk. They pass sea-gulls fighting over the dead fish which Matt left behind, and which have been carried ahead of him in their course.

"We're drifting a long way from those coats," grumbles David. "Twill be a tiresome walk back. If it weren't for them we could cut across country when we make port."

Matt strains his vision to the left, but sees only the purple outline of the islands, and in the far background the faint peaks of the hills.

"Well, I never!" exclaims his father suddenly. "If those coats aren't coming to meet us, it's a pity!"

And presently sure enough Matt catches sight of the coats hastening along near the shore.

"We must cut them off before they pass by."



"Spurt, sussy, spurt; 'tis a race 'twixt them and us."

cries his father. "Spurt, sonny, spurt; 'tis a race 'twixt them and us."

Sea-birds begin to circle low over their heads, scenting David's fish; but he pushes steadily on, animating his son with playful racing cries.

"We ought to back the coats," he observes. "They have backed us many a time. Just a little quicker," he says at last, "or they'll get past yonder point, and then they're off to Truro."

Matt kicks out more lustily; then his heart almost stops as he suddenly sees Death beneath the lovely purple haze. It is the human swimmers who are in danger of being carried off to Truro, if they do not make the shore earlier than "yonder point", for Matt remembers all at once that it is the last point for miles, the shore curving deeply inwards. Even if they reach the point in time they will be thrown back by the swirl; they must touch the shore earlier to get in safely.

He perceives that his father has been aware of the danger from the start, and has been disguising his anxiety under the pretext of racing the coats. He feels proud of this brave, strong man, the cold terror passes from his limbs, and he spurts bravely.

"That's a little man," says David; "we'll catch them yet. Lucky it's sand-tone yonder instead of sand—no fear of getting sucked in."

Now it is the shore that seems racing to meet them; the red reef sticks out a friendly finger, a

in another five minutes they are perched upon it. What is more, they tie with their coats, meeting them just at the landing-place.

David laughs a long laugh at the queerness of the incident, quivering like a dog that shakes himself after a swim, and Matt smiles too.

"Those sea-birds are a bit off their feed, that's a fact," chuckles David, as he surveys the fish. Then the two cut across the forest, drying and steaming in the sun. Hiding the prongless pitchforks in the hay-mow they enter the house, all smiles and salmon.

—Adapted from J. Zangwill's "The Master" (published by Mr. William Heinemann), by permission of the author.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away,
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Clamp and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away'
This way, this way'

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

A RACE WITH THE TIDE.—II.

In a moment, the man and the boy are swimming hard for the strip of shore directly opposite the sand-island, the spot where they have left their coats hours before. But neither has the slightest expectation of reaching it, for the tide is sweeping them forward with fearful speed to the right of it.

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"We must cut them off before they pass by."



"Sput, souny, sput, 'tis a race 'twixt them and us,"

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THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

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Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

FIFTH BOOK.

O! I long to see should I be dear
If all were more to a my dear's ear
O! I long to see with pain—
Surely she will come again
Call her soon and come away
This way this way
Mother dear we cannot stay
The wild white horses foam and fret
Margaret Margaret!

Come dear children, come away down
I'll no more
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down—
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell!
The far-off sound of a silver bell!
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream.
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sat with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sat on her knee
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea,
 She said, "I must go, for my kin-folk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman' here with thee."
 I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves!"
 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay,
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan,
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world, they say;
 Come!" I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town,
 Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
 panes.

She sat by the pillar, we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone:
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book'
Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more'

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully
Hark what she sings. "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea:
And her eyes are set in a stare,
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children:
 Come, children, come down'
 The hoarse wind blows colder;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door.
 She will hear the winds howling
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.
 Singing. "Here came a mortal.
 But faithless was she!
 And alone dwell for ever
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow
 When clear falls the moonlight
 When spring-tides are low,
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starr'd with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom,
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright sea-weed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town,
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.

Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she!
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

—*Matthew Arnold*

HOW THE WHITE COMPANY WAS DISBANDED —I

The White Company of British bowmen stood face to face with an overwhelming host. But there was no word of retreat.

"To your arms, men!" roared Sir Nigel Loring, their leader. "Shoot while you may, and then out with sword, and let us live or die together!"

Then uprose from the hill in the rugged Cantabrian valley a sound such as had not been heard in those parts before, nor was again, until the streams which rippled amid the rocks had been frozen by over four hundred winters, and thawed by as many returning springs. Deep and full and strong it thundered down the ravine, the fierce battle-call of a warrior race, the last stern welcome to whoso should join with them in that world-old game where the stake is death.

Thrice it swelled forth and thrice it sank away, echoing and reverberating amidst the crags. Then, with set faces, the Company rose up among the

storm of stones, and looked down upon the thousands who sped swiftly up the slope against them. Horse and spear had been set aside, but on foot, with sword and battle-axe, their broad shields slung in front of them, the chivalry of Spain rushed to the attack.

And now arose a struggle, so fell, so long, so evenly sustained, that even now the memory of it is handed down amongst the Cantabrian mountaineers, and the ill-omened knoll is still pointed out by fathers to their children as the spot where the men from across the sea fought the great fight with the knights of the south. The last arrow was quickly shot, nor could the slingers hurl their stones, so close were friend and foe.

From side to side stretched the thin line of the English, lightly armed and quick-footed, while against it stormed and raged the pressing throng of fiery Spaniards and of gallant Bretons. The clink of crossing sword-blades, the dull thudding of heavy blows, the panting and gasping of weary and wounded men, all rose together in a wild, long-drawn note, which swelled upwards to the ears of the wondering peasants who looked down from the edges of the cliffs upon the swaying turmoil of the battle beneath them.

Back and forward reeled the leopard banner, now borne up the slope by the rush and weight of the onslaught, now pushing downwards again as

Sir Nigel, Burley, and Black Simon, with their veteran men-at-arms, flung themselves madly into the fray. Alleyne, at his lord's right hand, found himself swept hither and thither in the desperate struggle, exchanging savage thrusts one instant with a Spanish cavalier, and the next torn away by the whirl of men and dashed up against some new antagonist. To the right Sir Oliver, Aylward, Hordle John, and the bowmen of the company fought furiously against the monkish knights of Santiago, who were led up the hill by their prior—a great deep-chested man, who wore a brown monastic habit over his suit of mail. Three archers he slew in three giant strokes, but Sir Oliver flung his arms round him, and the two, staggering and straining, reeled backwards and fell, locked in each other's grasp, over the edge of the steep cliff which flanked the hill.

In vain his knights stormed and raved against the thin line which barred their path. The sword of Aylward, and the great axe of John, gleamed in the forefront of the battle, and huge jagged pieces of rock, hurled by the strong arms of the bowmen, crashed and hurtled amid their ranks. Slowly they gave back down the hill, the archers still hanging upon their skirts, with a long litter of writhing and twisted figures to mark the course which they had taken. At the same instant the Welshmen upon the left, led on by the Scotch earl,

In the centre only things seemed to be going ill with the defenders. Black Simon was down—dying, as he would wish to have died, like a grim old wolf in its lair—with a ring of his slain around him. Twice Sir Nigel had been overborne, and twice his Squire Alleyne had fought over him until he had staggered to his feet once more. Burley lay senseless, stunned by a blow from a mace, and half of the men-at-arms lay littered upon the ground around him. Sir Nigel's shield was broken, his crest shorn, his armour cut and smashed, and the visor torn from his helmet, yet he sprang hither and thither with light foot and ready hand, engaging two Bretons and a Spaniard at the same instant—thrusting, stooping, dashing in, springing out—while Alleyne still fought by his side, stemming with a handful of men the fierce tide which surged up against them.

Yet it would have fared ill with them had not the archers from either side closed in upon the flanks of the attackers, and pressed them slowly, and foot by foot, down the long slope, until they were on the plain once more, where their fellows were already rallying for a fresh assault.

HOW THE WHITE COMPANY WAS DISBANDED.—II.

But terrible indeed had been the cost at which the assault had been repelled. Of the three hundred and seventy men who had held the crest, only hundred and seventy-two were left standing, many of whom were sorely wounded and weak from loss of blood. A hundred and fifty archers and forty-seven men-at-arms had fallen, while the pitiless hail of stones was already whizzing and piping once more about their ears, threatening every instant to further reduce their numbers.

Sir Nigel looked about him at his shattered ranks, and his face flushed with a soldier's pride.

"By Saint Paul!" he cried, "I have fought in many a little bickering, but never one that I would be more loth to have missed than this. But you are wounded, Alleyne?"

"It is naught," answered his squire, staunching the blood which dripped from a sword-cut across his forehead.

"These gentlemen of Spain seem to be most courteous and worthy people. I see that they are already forming to continue this debate with us. Form up the bowmen two deep instead of four. By my faith, some very brave men have gone from among us. Aylward, you are a trusty soldier for all that your shoulder has never felt accolade, nor

your heels worn the gold spurs. Do you take charge of the right; I will hold the centre, and you, my Lord of Angus, the left."

"Ho! for Sir Samkin Aylward!" cried a rough voice among the archers, and a roar of laughter greeted their new leader.

"I never thought," said the old bowman, "to lead a wing in a stricken field. Stand close, comrades, for we must play the man this day."

"Come hither, Alleyne," said Sir Nigel, walking back to the edge of the cliff, which formed the rear of their position. "And you, Norbury," he continued, beckoning to a squire, "do you also come here."

The two squires hurried across to him, and the three stood looking down into the rocky ravine which lay a hundred and fifty feet beneath them.

"The prince must hear of how things are with us," said the knight. "Another onfall we may withstand, but they are many and we are few, so that the time must come when we can no longer form line across the hill. Yet if help were brought us we might hold the crest until it comes. See yonder horses which stray among the rocks beneath us?"

"I see them, my fair lord."

"And see yonder path which winds along the hill upon the further end of the valley?"

"I see it."

"Were you on those horses, and riding up yonder track, steep and rough as it is, I think that ye might gain the valley beyond. Then on to the prince, and tell him how we fare."

"But, my lord, how can we hope to reach the horses?" asked Norbury.

"Ye cannot go round to them, for they would be upon ye ere ye could come to them. Think ye that ye have heart enough to clamber down this cliff?"

"Had we but a rope."

"There is one here. It is but a hundred feet long, and for the rest you must trust to God and to your fingers. Can you try it, Alleyne?"

"With all my heart, my dear lord, but how can I leave you in such a strait?"

"Nay, it is to serve me that ye go. And you, Norbury?"

The silent squire said nothing, but he took up the rope, and having examined it, he tied one end firmly round a projecting rock. Then he cast off his breast-plate, thigh-pieces, and greaves, while Alleyne followed his example.

"Tell Chandos, or Calverley, or Knolles, should the prince have gone forward," cried Sir Nigel. "Now may God speed you, for ye are all worthy men."

The old knight said no word, but he put a bar on either shoulder and kissed his squire, with tears shining in his eyes. Alleyne sprang to the rope, and, sliding swiftly down, soon found himself at its extremity. From above it seemed as though rope and cliff were well-nigh touching, but now, when swinging a hundred feet down, the squire found that he could scarce reach the face of the rock with his foot, and that it was as smooth as glass with no resting-place where a mouse could stand.

Some three feet lower, however, his eye lit upon a long jagged crack which slanted downwards, and this he must reach if he would save not only his own poor life, but that of the eight-score men above him. Yet it were madness to spring for that narrow slit with nought but the wet smooth rock to cling to. He swung for a moment, full of thought, and even as he hung there, another of the cruel stones sang through his curls and struck a chip from the face of the cliff.

Up he clambered a few feet, drew up the loose end after him, unslung his belt, held on with knee and with elbow while he spliced the long tough leathern belt to the end of the cord; then lowering himself as far as he could go, he swung backwards and forwards until his hand reached the crack, when he left the rope and clung to the face of the cliff. Another stone struck him on the side, and he heard

a sound like a breaking stick, with a keen, stabbing pain which shot through his chest.



"On he clambered, with his hands shuffling down the long sloping crack."

Yet it was no time now to think of pain or ache. There was his lord and his eight-score comrades,

and they must be plucked from the jaws of death. He clambered with his hands dragging down the clinging rocks, sometimes he swung all his weight on his arms, at others finding some small shelf or tuft on which to rest his foot. Would he never see that lifeless form? He dared not look down, he could but grope slowly onwards, his face to the cliff, his fingers clutching, his feet scraping and leaning for a support.

At last, however, his foot came upon a broad resting place and he ventured to cast a glance downwards. Thank God! he had reached the crest of those fatal pinnacles upon which his comrades had fallen. Quickly now he sprang from rock to rock until his feet were on the ground, and then he had his hand stretched out for the horse's rein. A sling stone struck him on the head, and he fell senseless upon the ground.

An evil blow it was for Alleyne, but a worse one for him who struck it. The Spanish slinger, seeing the youth he slain, and judging from his dress that he was no common man, rushed forward to plunder him, knowing well that the bowmen and horsemen had expended their last shaft. He was three paces, however, from his victim's side when John, upon the cliff above, plucked up a huge boulder, and, poising it for an instant, dropped it in a fatal aim upon the slinger beneath him. It struck upon his shoulder, and hurled him,

crushed and screaming, to the ground, while Alleyne, recalled to his senses by these shrill cries in his very ear, staggered to his feet and gazed wildly about him. His eyes fell upon the horses, grazing upon the scanty pasture, and in an instant all had come back to him—his mission, his comrades, the need for haste. He was dizzy, sick, faint, but he must not die, and he must not tarry, for his life meant many lives that day. In an instant he was in his saddle and spurring down the valley

HOW THE WHITE COMPANY WAS DISBANDED—IV

Loud rang the swift charger's hoofs over rock and reef, while the fire flew from the stroke of iron, and the loose stones showered up behind him. But his head was whirling round, the blood was gushing from his brow, his temple, his mouth. Ever keener and sharper was the deadly pain which shot like a red-hot arrow through his side. He felt that his eye was glazing, his senses slipping from him, his grasp upon the reins relaxing. Then, with one mighty effort, he called up all his strength for a single minute. Stooping down, he loosened the stirrup-straps, bound his knees tightly to his saddle flaps, twisted his hands in the bridle, and then,

putting the gallant horse's head for the mountain-path, he dashed the spurs in and fell forward fainting, with his face buried in the coarse black mane.

Little could he ever remember of that wild ride. Half-conscious, but ever with the one thought beating in his mind, he goaded the horse onwards, rushing swiftly down steep ravines, over huge boulders, along the edges of black abysses. Dim memories he had of beetling cliffs, of a group of huts with wondering faces at the doors, of foaming, clattering water, and of a bristle of mountain beeches.

Once, ere he had ridden far, he heard behind him three deep sullen shouts, which told him that his comrades had set their faces to the foe once more. Then all was blank, until he woke to find kindly blue English eyes peering down upon him, and to hear the blessed sound of his country's speech.

They were but a foraging-party—a hundred archers and as many men-at-arms—but their leader was Sir Hugh Calverley, and he was not a man to hide idle when good blows were to be had not three leagues from him. A scout was sent flying with a message to the camp, and Sir Hugh, with his two hundred men, thundered off to the rescue. With them went Alleyne, still bound to his saddle, still dripping with blood, and swooning and recovering, and swooning once again. On they rode, and on, until, at last, topping a ridge, they looked down

upon the fateful valley. Alas! and alas! for the sight that met their eyes.

There, beneath them, was the blood-bathed hill, and from the highest pinnacle there flaunted the yellow and white banner with the lions and the towers of the royal house of Castile. Up the long slope rushed ranks and ranks of men—exultant, shouting, with waving pennons and brandished arms. Over the whole summit were dense throngs of knights, with no enemy that could be seen to face them, save only that at one corner of the plateau an eddy and swirl amid the crowded mass seemed to show that all resistance was not yet at an end. At the sight a deep groan of rage and despair went up from the baffled rescuers, and, spurring on their horses, they clattered down the long and winding path which led to the valley beneath.

But they were too late to avenge, as they had been too late to save. Long ere they could gain the level ground, the Spaniards, seeing them riding swiftly amid the rocks, and being ignorant of their numbers, drew off from the captured hill, and, having secured their few prisoners, rode slowly in a long column, with drum-beating and cymbal-clashing, out of the valley. Their rear ranks were already passing out of sight ere the new-comers were urging their panting, foaming horses up the slope which had been the scene of that long-drawn and bloody fight.

And a fearful sight it was that met their eyes! Across the lower end lay the dense heap of men and horses where the first arrow storm had burst. Above the bodies of the dead and the dying—French, Spanish, and Aragonese—lay thick and thicker until they covered the whole ground two and three deep in one dreadful tangle of slaughter. Above them lay the Englishmen in their lines, even as they had stood, and higher yet upon the plateau a wild medley of the dead of all nations, where the last deadly grapple had left them.

In the further corner, under the shadow of a great rock, there crouched seven bowmen, with great John in the centre of them—all wounded, weary, and in sorry case, but still unconquered, with their blood-stained weapons waving and their voices ringing a welcome to their countrymen. Alleyne rode across to John while Sir Hugh Calverley followed close behind him.

"By Saint George!" cried Sir Hugh, "I have never seen signs of so stern a fight, and I am right glad that we have been in time to save you."

"You have saved more than us," said John, pointing to the banner which leaned against the rock behind him.

"You have done nobly," cried the old free companion, gazing with a soldier's admiration at the huge frame and bold face of the archer. "But why is it, my good fellow, that you sit upon this man?"

"By the rood! I had forgot him," John answered, rising and dragging from under him no less a person than the Spanish caballero, Don Diego Alvarez. "This man, my fair lord, means to me a new house, ten cows, one bull—if it be but a little one—a grindstone, and I know not what beside, so that I thought it well to sit upon him, lest he should take a fancy to leave me."

"Tell me, John," cried Alleyne faintly, "where is my dear lord, Sir Nigel Loring?"

"He is dead, I fear. I saw them throw his body across a horse and ride away with it, but I fear the life had gone from him."

"Now woe worth me! And where is Aylward?"

"He sprang upon a riderless horse and rode after Sir Nigel to save him. I saw them throng around him, and he is either taken or slain."

"Blow the bugles!" cried Sir Hugh, with a scowling brow. "We must back to camp, and ere three days I trust that we may see these Spaniards again. I would fain have ye all in my company."

"We are of the White Company, my fair lord," said John.

"Nay, the White Company is here disbanded," answered Sir Hugh, solemnly looking round him at the lines of silent figures. "Look to the brave equire, for I fear that he will never see the sun rise again."

—Adapted from A. Conan Doyle's "The White Company", by permission of the author and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Fair spread the wind the French
 When we our sails advance,
 Not now to prove our chance
 Lenger will turn
 But putting to the sea,
 At Harve, the Mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way
 Where the French general lay
 With all his power

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 " Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Hath ever to the sun
 By fame been raised

And for myself, quoth he,
 " This my full rest shall be.
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain;
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

2000

2000

2000

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That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather,
 Nearer to his fellow starts,
 For playing manly parts,
 And his true English honour
 Struck close together

When down their bows they threw
 And forth their lances drew,
 And on the French they flew.

Not one was tardy.
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went
 Our men were hardy

Thus while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding

As to o'erwhelm it,
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Brought his helmet

Gloster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up:

Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bore them right doughtily,
 Ferrars and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O, when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

—*Michael Drayton.*

NOTES AND MEANINGS

p 7. *Relics of Franklin Expedition.* 1. Box for dipping needle; 2. Much-mended boat from Starvation Cove; 3. Part of chronometer; 4. Pocket knife handle; 5. Tin record-case from King William Island. Record bears dates 28th May, 1847, and 25th April, 1848, and under the latter date records the abandonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and the death of Sir John Franklin. 6. Tin flasks found at Wall Bay; 7. Bottle of preserved meat; 8. Powder Sack; 9. Snow goggles; 10. Cooking Stove found on King William Island; 11. Tea Canister; 12. Rosewood chronometer box; 13. Rollmaker's palm; 14. Top of boat's mast from Starvation Cove.

p 9. *Naval Museum, Greenwich.* a portion of the royal palace given by Mary, the wife of William III., to the nation, converted into a hospital for old and disabled seamen, now a naval college. The

collection of objects is in the small hall at the end of the Great Hall, usually called the Painted Hall.

p 9. *North-west Passage.* A sea way round the coast of North America to the Pacific, and so to India and China, which it was hoped would shorten the voyage from Europe, and which was eagerly sought for by navigators from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

Crozier. Francis R. Crozier, born about 1794 sailed with Sir John Franklin's expedition in 1845 as second in command, and on the death of Sir John, on 11th July, 1847, he took command of the expedition.

Fitz-James, the captain of H.M. ship *Erebus*, became, on the death of Sir John Franklin, second in command.

p 12. *Dr Livingstone,* the famous African explorer, born at Blantyre,

in Lanarkshire, in 1813, began his missionary labours in Africa in 1841. From 1852 till his death in 1873 he was almost continuously engaged in explorations of the "Dark Continent." These are now bearing fruit in the opening up of Central Africa to civilization, and in the suppression of the slave-trade.

- P 13. East India Company, a chartered company founded in the last years of Elizabeth's reign to trade with India and the East. From a trading company it came by degrees to be the sovereign ruler of much of India. After the Indian Mutiny its government was replaced by that of the Queen, in 1859.

Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, is the sacred city of the Mohammedans, and is visited annually by large numbers of pilgrims. It lies 65 miles east of Jiddah, its port on the Red Sea.

Moslems, those who profess the religion of Mohammed or Islamism.



Minaret

- P 13 minaret, slender lofty turret surrounded by one or more bal-

conies, used for the purpose of calling the people to prayer.

- P 17 famous black stone, a stone, about 9 inches long, built into the south east corner of the Kaaba, the Great Mosque at Mecca, and regarded with great veneration by Mohammedans.

aerolite, a body that has fallen on the earth from outside space.

- P 18. Haji, one who has performed the pilgrimage.

Ihram, the dress of white cotton cloth worn by the pilgrims to Mecca.

- P 25. roaring forties, a sailors' name for the region in the Southern Ocean, between 40 and 50 degrees south of the equator. There the counter-trades, or winds from the north west, blow with greater force and steadiness than the corresponding winds in the northern hemisphere.

- P 30. gaudy melon-flower, which grows in Italy, where the poet spent many years.

- P 31. unkempt, rough, not combed. squaws, women of the American Indians. papooses, American Indian children.

- P 36. greaser, man employed to clean and oil the machinery.

- P 38 sheet, the rope fixed to the lower corner of a sail, by which the sail is kept in position.

- P 42 valve, a movable partition arranged so that it will open only in one direction. glandular, growing out of, or connected with, a gland.

- P 44. tentacles, club feelers, parts of the body used for seizing objects.



- p. 44 glands, organs in plants that separate from the general mass of the sap some particular kind of fluid.
- p. 45. Addio, Signor (pronounced almost like *senior*), Adieu, air
- p. 47. appealing to the charity, begging
 brazier, an open pan for burning wood or coal. ✓
- p. 54 tidal tides, come in varying numbers and at varying intervals. amain, with all their strength
- p. 55. good-hap! by a lucky chance
 lorn, lonely, desolate, friendless
- p. 56 kloof, a gully or ravine
 Enfield, a town in the north east of Middlesex, noted for the manufacture of small arms. The government factory is there
 eland, an African antelope, the largest of the antelopes.
- p. 59 kraal, a native African village
- p. 62 Peking, the capital of China.
 Chusan, an island and port off the east coast of China.
 mandarin, a Chinese official of high rank.
- p. 64. club-feet, deformed feet. In China it is the custom to compress the feet of girls in their childhood, so that they become deformed.
- p. 65. dirge, a funeral song
- p. 66. battle of the Alma, the first battle in the Crimean war. There, on September 20th, 1854, the allied army defeated and drove from a strong position a large force of Russians.
- p. 67. Sebastopol, a strongly fortified arsenal on the Black Sea. During the siege in 1854-55 the place was repeatedly bombarded.
- p. 68. fuse, a piece of slow burning

material attached to a shell, by means of which the shell is exploded.

- p. 68 Captain Peel Captain William Peel of the *Harmond*, an officer of the naval brigade, son of Sir Robert Peel, and brother of Lord Peel late Speaker of the House of Commons. He was killed during the Indian Mutiny

battle of Balaklava. A strong force of Russians attempted, on October 25th, to break through the allied lines and to cut off the British from their supplies at Balaklava. They were repulsed, and the battle is chiefly memorable for the fame as charge of the Light Brigade.

- p. 69 Mussulmans, Moslems, followers of Mohammed

Charge of the Light Brigade. Through a mistake the Light Brigade, 607 in all, charged what was really an army in position, and after prodigious valour fought their way back to the British lines. Of the 607 only 19th returned.

- p. 70 Indian Mutiny. In 1857 the native soldiers of the Bengal army mutinied, murdered their officers and other Europeans, and were subdued only after a long struggle

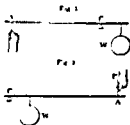
- p. 71 grape, grape shot, shot arranged in tiers.

- p. 72 receiver, the glass vessel placed on the plate of an air pump in order to be exhausted of air. So called because it receives the objects to be experimented upon.



- p. 74 levers, bars or rigid pieces of metal or other material turning round a fixed point or axis, the bearing of which is called the fulcrum. They are pointed

used to move heavy weights; sometimes, as in the example here given, to change the direction of



the motion. The illustration shows two forms of levers, *F* being the fulcrum in each case.

p. 74. regular vibrations, motions backwards and forwards, of which an equal number occur in equal periods of time, or of which the duration of each vibration is the same as that of the next.

p. 80. Captain Marryat was born in Westminster in 1792, and entered the navy in 1808. He became captain, was made a C.B. for his services; received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life at sea, and was made an F.R.S. for improvements in signalling. In 1830 he retired from the navy. Between that time and his death, in 1848, he wrote the numerous sea stories that have made him famous. Among these may be mentioned *The King's Own*, *The Adventures of Percival Keene*, and *Midshipman Easy*.

p. 82. Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian Arctic explorer, born near Christiania in 1861. He crossed Greenland, 1887-89, but his most famous expedition was that in search of the North Pole, 1893-96.

the practice of ring-

ing a bell at a fixed hour in the evening, usually eight o'clock, which still continues in many villages.

p. 83. exotics, plants introduced from foreign lands, consequently rare in this country.

spread their wing, go over rapidly. This is a metaphor, "titles and honours" being imagined to "take flight" like birds.

p. 84. recoil, relief after strain, rebound.

wont, had been the practice or custom.

p. 86. skid, the shoe or drag which is put under the wheel of a wagon going down hill to prevent the wheel from turning; thus it converts rolling into sliding friction.



CONCAVE OR PHASE-
CONCAVE LENS.

CONVEX OR PHASE-
CONVEX LENS.

p. 87. concave, curved like the inside of a sphere.

convex, curved like the outside of a sphere.

p. 88. George Eliot, the pen-name assumed by Mary Ann Evans, a lady who first became widely known by her novel *Adam Bede*, published in 1859. Other fine novels by her are *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, and *Middlemarch*. She wrote also poems and essays, and is generally recognized as our greatest woman writer. She died in 1880.

p. 91. developed a fine capacity for mischief, proved more and more as time went on that she was ready for all sorts of tricks.

and fun, and so gave Silas a great deal of trouble.

- p. 92. truckle-bed, a low bed that runs on wheels, and so when not in use may be pushed under another.

"setting up", making all the preparations that are necessary before a weaver begins a new "piece" or "web"

- p. 95 using a strong measure, acting very harshly, taking an extreme step.

- p. 97. sit in a place at church, sit in a portion of the church cut off from the rest, and kept for the use of the squire and his family.

- p. 99. A. C. Swinburne, our greatest living poet, and also a great critic. His poetry is distinguished by a wonderful command of musical English. His poem, *Atalanta in Calydon*, is the best modern English poem on the model of the Greek drama. Many of his short poems reveal an intense love and sympathy for little children.

- p. 101. buffet, a place set apart for refreshments.

- p. 102. alacrity, smartness.

- p. 103. gorge, a cleft or deep narrow opening between hills.

- p. 104. chair-men, the men who made a living by carrying the sedan chairs in which, during the eighteenth century, wealthy people were borne from one place to another in town.

Link-men, men who carried torches to light people through the streets at night, or during a fog, before effective public lighting was introduced.

- p. 106. custom-house, the place where the duty imposed by law on goods imported or exported is paid.

- p. 109 tie-wig, a wig with a tail

hanging down behind which was tied with a ribbon. It was a common article of a man's dress in the eighteenth century.

- p. 111. cumberless, free from care.

matin, morning song or hymn.

emblem, type of, or thing that signifies

sheen, glittering or shining

red streamer that heralds the day, the flash in the sky that tells day is breaking

James Hogg (1770-1835) a poet of real genius, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd" from his having followed the occupation of shepherd in the Ettrick district of Selkirkshire in Scotland. His ballads are founded on the legends of the Border and *Benney Aul* may perhaps be his best work, is a charming fairy tale. It is worth remembering that Scotland's two most popular poets, Burns and Hogg, were once poor boys with few advantages.

Phœbus, the sun, literally the sun god, failed to drive the sun round the world in a four-hooved car.

his steeds &c., to drink from the flower-cups the dew that has gathered in them. This is a metaphor or fanciful way of expressing the drying up of the dew by the heat of the sun.

link. According to the strict grammatical rule of the present day, *link* would be *link*, referring to *springs*. But in older English the inflection *s* for the plural of verbs was not uncommon.

- p. 112. marybuds, margulds.

veldt, the open grassy country or pasture land in S. Africa.

- p. 114. juncture, moment when affairs had reached the state described.

p. 115. torpor, stupefied and inactive condition.

p. 116. migration, change of abode from one region to another.

p. 117. Capuchin monkey, an American monkey with black hair at the back of the head looking something like the cowl of the Capuchin monks.

p. 118. Napoleon's defeated army, the army which Napoleon led into Russia in 1812, and which was compelled by the burning of Moscow, and by the want of shelter and food, to retreat during the winter. Cold, famine, and the repeated attacks of the pursuing Russians destroyed nine-tenths of their number.

chamois, a goat-like kind of antelope found in some of the highest and least accessible mountains in Europe and Asia.

steinbock, the ibex, a kind of goat occupying the high grounds in the Alps and Pyrenees.

marmot, a species of rodent animal that lives in communities and burrows on the sides of high mountains. It is found in Europe, Asia, and America.

glaciers, masses of snow-ice formed in the lofty valleys and pressed forwards by the weight of the more recently fallen snow, till, moving like a stream, they reach the lower valleys, where they melt.

bison, a wild ox-like animal inhabiting the interior of North America.

p. 119. tundra, low lying marshy grounds to the north of Russia and Siberia, which during much of the year are frozen wastes, though in the short summer they become fine grazing grounds.

p. 119. the same impulse moves many, many are impelled to act by the same feeling or yearning.

p. 122 unconcernedly, without the least appearance of having been put about.

The Ploughboy's Song. Notice that there is a stanza for each season of the year.

p. 123. maiden moon. The ancient goddess of the moon was the maiden Diana. Hence the adjective here.

morrice-queens, girls who took the part of queens in the old-fashioned rustic dance called the morrice, which formed part of the May-day rejoicings.

p. 124. clams, shell fish (molluscs) that live in deep burrows in the mud or sand.

displaying unwonted agility, showing himself more nimble than usual.

marra, walrus. Means literally sea-horse.

p. 126. kayak, a kind of light fishing boat used by the Eskimo.

intestines, the part of the alimentary canal below the stomach.

source of endless utility, it can be turned to an immense number of uses.

barter, the exchange of one thing for another.

p. 127. défilé (pronounce ay-dé-lé) display, ceremonial.

p. 129 galloway, a small, hard kind of horse or pony, reared on the moorlands of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright.

Turkish slipper, a slipper consisting of a sole, and a covering for the fore part of the foot, but entirely without any upper part at the heel.

p. 130. unpicturesque, wanting in beauty or in the elements that would make a good picture.

p. 130. mosquito curtains, thin curtains which, while admitting air freely, protect the sleeper from the attacks of the mosquito, a stinging fly very common in the East.

lacquered, polished and varnished in such a way as to make the surface look like enamel

palanquin (pronounce palan-keen), a covered conveyance in



Palanquin.

use in India and elsewhere in the East. By means of poles four or six bearers carry on their shoulders the palanquin, which usually holds only a single person

p. 132. turnpike, a toll-house. Formerly the main roads in England had gates at intervals, at which a man took toll for carts and horses that passed through.

p. 135. batten, to close thoroughly, as the hatches of a ship are closed during a storm to keep out of the hold the seas which break across the deck, and to keep troublesome passengers out of harm's way.

p. 134. odes to every zephyr, songs in praise of every soft and gentle breeze.

p. 136. hunger into madness, drive mad by making them hungry

p. 137. snipe, one of the wading



Common Snipe (*Scolopax gallinago*)

birds, very beautifully marked, and from ten to eleven inches long. It frequents mostly marshy or soft grounds.

curlew, a wading bird closely related to the snipe. In Britain during summer they frequent the boggy and heathy moors, but in



Common Curlew (*Numenius arquata*)

autumn and winter they go to the sea side.

holt, plantation, wood.

bent, a hard waxy grass that grows on commons; the common itself.

p. 133. come, as came, &c. The English came originally from the eastern shores of the German

Ocean, which they crossed with the help of the north-east wind, when they invaded and conquered Britain.

p. 132 vikings, creekers, robbers or sea rovers, who, taking shelter during the winter in the creeks on the north-west coast of Europe, came forth in the summer to plunder its shores.

Jan Mayen, an uninhabited island in the Arctic Ocean lying to the north-west of Iceland. It was discovered by the Dutch navigator from whom it received its name in 1611.

p. 132 collided, dashed together

p. 141 davits, the projecting beams of wood or iron on the sides of



Davits

stern of a ship used for hoisting and raising boats by means of pulleys.

quarter the part of the ship near the stern.

port passage way at the side of a ship.

weather side the side towards the wind.

p. 141 inside the gun barrel (the interior).

ammunition a mass of shot or powder.

p. 142, entered an harbour to get anchorage the purpose of the anchorage. It is used to anchor

during the heights of mountains, the pressure growing less by reason.



Barometrical Instrument

barometer as we find it's used here.

p. 142 insalubrious, not fit for human food.

p. 142 smelted, thus, smelted.

p. 142 Royal Geographical Society a society which has its head quarters in London, and which has for its object the promotion of the study of geography and of geographical discovery. It awards medals and prizes to individual discoverers, and grants money and other help to expeditions.

p. 142 won his spurs, gained a high position for himself. In addition, when a man gained his spurs, by some worthy deed, he was said to win his spurs, or, the gilt spurs of a knight.

p. 142 depopulated, left entirely without inhabitants.

myth, a story which, though commonly believed to be without any foundation in fact.

p. 142 Mungo Park a Scotch merchant and traveller who was in Malabar in 1791. He is the originator of the name of the River Niger, and procured an account of his journey to 1805. He was not the first person to have been in this country, and passed on his way in 1793.

Royal Niger Company a com-

pany to which in 1886 the government of the regions in the Niger basin within the British sphere of influence was assigned.

p 157. piquant, interesting and exciting.

oriental splendour, brilliant display, like that of which Eastern people are so fond.

p 158 fanatical, having an extravagant and therefore unjustifiable belief in the correctness of their own religious opinions, hence it comes to mean bigoted, narrow minded, and given to persecuting conscientiously.

British South Africa Company The company which rules, under charter from the British crown, large districts in S Africa north of Cape Colony and the Transvaal, in order to promote the trading and mining operations in which large numbers of British people are there engaged.

p 159. the influence of civilization, the power which the better forms of government, the superior knowledge and nobler aims of the European, have to soften the manners and improve the mode of life of the savage.

Bayard, a French national hero. He fought in the wars of Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I. He was killed in Italy in 1524. He was known as the knight "without fear and without reproach".

p 163. microscopic organisms, living bodies so small that they can only be seen through a microscope.

p 166 critical moment, the decisive moment, the moment on which everything depends.

maligned, spoken ill of; abused.

p 168. who = he who; turn, modus (p 47)

late, follow with his own singing the changes in the bird's song

p 170 Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

p 171 flap-jacks, pancakes, apple turnovers or flat tarts.

arrest there! that 's quite enough' hold fast' stop'

p 172 make port, come to land

p 181 Matthew Arnold, a son of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, head master of Rugby School, was born at Laleham in Middlesex in 1822. He was appointed an inspector of schools in 1851, and devoted much of his time to the improvement of the educational methods in use in England, and to the study of the various continental educational systems. But it is as an essayist, critic, and poet that he is chiefly remembered. He died in 1888.

White Company, a body of English archers and men at arms, in the service of the Black Prince, who at that time had entered on a war to restore Don Pedro to the throne of Castile. Among the leading members of the Company were Sir Nigel Loring, its commander, Alleyne Edricson, Sir Nigel's squire, Samkin Aylward, the master-bowman; and Herdile John, a very big archer. The Company had been sent forward as scouts, and under their brave leader, Sir Nigel Loring, had surprised the camp of the enemy, and almost seized Don Pedro's rival King Henry, and so ended the war. On their way back the Company, which numbered about 400, was caught in a valley by a force of 6000 men returning to the Spanish army.

Cantabrian, belonging to a district in the north of Spain, south of the south-east corner of the Bay

of Biscay. It takes its name from the Gallic tribe that occupied it in the time of the Romans, and much of it is occupied by the Cantabrian mountains, through which run the passes into the heart of Spain.

p. 181. until the streams, &c. It was fully more than 400 years before the British soldiers under Wellington, having defeated the French at Vittoria, drove them headlong through these same valleys, which thus again echoed to English cheers.

reverberating, with the noise caught up and echoed and re-echoed till it becomes a prolonged roll.

p. 182. chivalry, body of the knights.

p. 183. hurtled, dashed together with a crash.

p. 185. mace, a staff with a heavy



ANCIENT WAR-WEAPON.

metal head, a favourite weapon with knights.



CREST ON A HELMET.

crest, a plume of feathers or

other material fixed to the top of the helmet.

p. 185. visor, the movable part of the helmet which defends the face.



HELMETS, TIME OF HENRY VII.

1. Visor raised. 2. Visor closed.

p. 186. bickering, skirmish or dispute.

accolade, the blow on the shoulder with the flat of the sword which forms part of the ceremony of making a knight. The word meant originally the putting of the arm round the neck, that is the embrace with which the young knight was welcomed to the noble brotherhood.

p. 187. stricken field, a regular pitched battle.

Prince, Black Prince, the son of Edward III.

p. 188. greaves, coverings for the front of the lower part of the leg. See picture on page 181.

p. 189. Lady Maude, the only daughter of Sir Nigel Loring. Alleyne was married to her when he returned to England after the war.

p. 197. Caballero, a Spanish gentleman; here a knight.

This man, my fair lord, &c. With the ransom paid to him by the Spanish noble he had captured, John would buy all the things enumerated.

p. 199 Poitiers, great victory won by the Black Princes over the French in 1356.

Cressy, the victory won by Edward III. over the French in 1346.

vanguard, for vanguard, the front line of the army

main, chief part of his army.

henchmen, his personal attendants, most trusty followers.

p. 200. cloth-yard, an ell, a little more than the ordinary three feet.

bilboa, swords from Bilbao in Spain, famous at one time for its swords.

ding, knock

besprinkled, sprinkled over

St. Crispin's Day, October 25th

Crispin was a member of a noble Roman family, and with his brother fled to Gaul and took up his abode at Soissons. Here he adopted the trade of a shoemaker, and as a Christian he was condemned and suffered martyrdom about 287. He is the patron saint of shoemakers.

p. 202. Michael Drayton, a noted English poet, was born at Hartshill in Warwickshire in 1563, died at London in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his works are *England's Heroical Epistles*, *Poems*, *Lyrics* and *Heroics*, of which the "Battle of Agincourt" is the most famous; and his celebrated *Polydoron*, a poetical description of England.

LIST OF THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS.

Page	Page	Page	Page
1 buoyant	31 submissively	37 energetically	47 fashions
2 anxiously	32 shepherds	38 vehement	48 wrapped
3 lengthened	33 neighbouring	39 proceeding	49 handkerchief
4 provisioned	34 galloping	40 <u>school</u>	50 confectioner's
5 peered	35 recognize	51 engineer	51 slackened
6 pierced	36 reasonable	52 society	52 brainer
7 soldiers	37 Antipodes	53 sacrifice	53 coughed
8 ceremonies	38 illustrated	54 guided	54 dainties
9 disguised	39 artificial	55 chasing	55 woolly
10 baggage	40 hole <i>to punch</i>	56 suffocated	56 throbbing
11 splendours	41 chaffinch	57 guarded	57 journeyed
12 announcement	42 scenery	58 foliage	58 greedily
13 pitious	43 fantastic <i>to jest</i>	59 perishes	59 labelled
14 rites	44 quitted	60 centipede	60 centre
15 persuaded	45 moccasin	61 <u>indigestible</u>	61 cautiously <i>C</i>
16 serolite	46 picturesque	62 tentacles	62 spectacles
17 officials	47 crescent	63 audience	63 porcelain
18 travelled	48 apparently	64 mysterious	64 chaotic
19 fatigue	49 postpone	65 acquaintance	65 interpreted
20 government	50 grievances	66 doubtful	66 caterpillars

LESSONS ON WORD-COMPOSITION.

A compound word is a word made up of two or more parts, each of which keeps its distinct meaning, as, *ship-builder*, *narrow-clouded*.

COMPOUND NOUNS.

I. Noun + noun.

(a) ice-bergs =
bergs made of
ice.

rail-ways
stair-way
plum pudding
pea-soup
tear-drops
road beds
moor-lands
snow flakes
fir forest
dust fiend
key board

(b) moon-light
= light of the
moon.

pine-apple
grass-stalk
sun shine
hodge rows
prison-wall
post-office
spoon fuls
Christ mass
noon tide
bird nests
ice-king
coat-sleeves
lightning-flash
hill sides
stirrup-strap
kins folk
day-break

life time
shep-herd
morris-queen
melon-flower
thunder cloud
night-fall
hoof-ring
death-trap

bottle washer
pew opener
money lender

(c) country-men
= men belong-
ing to the coun-
try

mountain-path
sea-stock
school life
sea horse
sea-beach
sea-snakes
sea gulls
meadow-craze
dream-land

(d) news paper =
a paper with, or
having news.

pitcher plant
barrel-organ
light house
pasture ground
shell fish
lunk men

(e) church goers =
goers to church.

battle-call

(f) bed-stead = a
stead for a bed

tea-set
store house
pocket-hand-
kerchief
stone-pit
flag-staff
stair-case
water-skin
sauce-pan
warming-pan
cannon-ball
gold bag
dwelling place
cup-board
roosting-place
custom-house
battle-axe
writing room
tea tray
air pump
sounding line

(g) Apposition—

fellow-student
maid servant
sailor man
smock frock
oak-tree
turtle-dove
prison-house

II Verb + noun.

bake house
chaw bacon
sing-atoms
pitch fork
herds-men
spring tide
ebb-tide
heart-break
pass words
truckle bed
puff adder
shoe black
cymbal - clash-
ing
drum beating

III Adjective + noun.

grand-mother
grand sire
good morning
cross beam
mid-night
half breed
mid-summer
mid-day
ill temper
white-throat
cross fire
working-man
back ground
holy-days
south-wind
gentle man
side-stroke
country-house

COMPOUND NOTES.—*Continued.*

true-loves	fort-night	V. Noun + adv.	VII. Phrase +
yester-day	(<i>fort</i> = 14)	or prep.	noun:
working folk	twelve-month	passer-by	brother-in-law
small-pox	IV. Noun + pro-	sun down	man-of-war
fore-front	noun.	VI. Verb + ad-	
broad sword		verb.	coffee-and milk
spoken-man	self-will	out-fall	good-bye (=God
noon-day	some-body	look-out	be with you)
broad-sides	every-body	come-down	
—	self interest	run away	
twi-light			
(<i>twi</i> = two)			

Exercise 1.¹—Make compound nouns by putting a noun before the following —

- (a) Beds, stack, storm, flats, mow, island, fend, board. (b) Bottom, sides, blades, shoes, whoop, flash, slaves, cut, storm, clap, bolt, grinder, keeper, maker. (c) Birds, tree, boys, girls, caves, land, river. (d) Fields, yards, cup, wagon, launch. (e) Bork, gear, staff, hole, ground, room, house, nets, place. (f) Coat, end, yard.

Exercise 2.—Make compound nouns by putting a word before the following —

- (a) Verb—stone, light, room, tide, plot. (b) Adjective—luck, rank, smith, meats, father, fowl, houses, rank, man, corners. (c) Pronoun or adverb or preposition—interest, destruction, love, deception, side, line, down.

Exercise 3.—Make compound nouns (a) by adding nouns to the following.—

- Shore, knee, shoe, door, bread, window, flesh, help, sheep, grass, home, fog, verse, bush, peace, winter, night, clothing, beach, mowers, reaper, knot, moon, clothes, snow, water, ludge, nose, broom, path, whale, rein, warmth, engineer, showers, blossoms, bottom, death, shroud, cup, skin, bridge, kennel, beach, heart, ring, bucket, fox. (b) By adding any other part of speech—shoulder, soldier, life, head, child, fire, room, milk, beast, board, sight, glow, blanket, stocking, explorer, traveller, land, breeze, game, rank, ground.

¹ It is not intended that the whole of each Exercise should be set for a single task.

COMPOUND ADJECTIVES

I. Noun + adjective.	terror-struck hand maid straw-strown fur-lined ice bound blood-bathed snow-capped sorrow-laden blood-stained dust-laden	blue-vaulted white-walled deep-chested deep-set dun-coloured	eye-blinding drum-beating cymbal-clash- ing flesh-eating
wine-red snow white thread-bare reed-like hair-like child like pitch-dark world old water-proof bare-foot.	III. Adj + past part.	(a) Adverb + past part.	(a) Adj + pres. part.
(a) Noun + noun used as adjective. elm tree brush-wood india-rubber	black-eyed bare-footed good-natured bare-headed golden-crowned one-armed quick-eyed ill natured white bearded jolly faced red faced red-headed quick footed fine arched	well-dressed half fed new-mown full measured roughly-made squarely built well come well known over-driven well dressed out-stretched long drawn densely- crowded	fierce looking savage-looking wicked looking dark looking coarse looking high lying strong looking
II. Noun + past part.		IV Noun + pres part	V Adj + adj
sand strewn worrow-clouded sea born hawl fed		flower-loving ear-filling	olive green bluish white red hot Other parts of speech. worn-out up-right down right live-long

COMPOUND VERBS

I. Noun + verb.	II Adj + verb.	III Adverb + verb	out fight
hood-wink ear mark	white-wash black ball	crow-question	over-drive

Exercise 4. — Make compound adjectives by adding—

(a) *A n adj.*—Milk, coal, blood, ice, star, rock, scene, wolf, bell, child, hair, weep, leader, back, heart. (b) *A past participle*—Cold, mud, earth, fancy, water, hunger, march, fear, home, woo, dust, breath, storm, spoil, once, sea, terror, wind, trumpet. (c) *A past part.*—Round, deep, ready, harsh, cold, smooth, slow, red, old, heavy, faint, high, large, soft, dim, brawny, narrow. (d) *A present part.*—Noise, home, dinner, nonsense, throat, child, heaven, fog, flash, time, quiet, pretty, gloomy, slight, black, gray, wild, sick, swift, slow, rough. (e) *Adverbs*—Cast, raised, trodden, beated, run, faced, braved.

Exercise 5. — Make compound verbs from (a) back, rub, brow; (b) rough, dry, clear; (c) face, ride, bear, wear.

PREFIXES.

A Prefix consists of one or more letters or syllables that may be put before a word to modify its meaning and form with it a single word; as naught, none, alone, undertake, overstep, gainsay, overhead, overland.

a=on, be=by; by=past, aside; mis=error, n=not, to=the, this, un=the opposite of; with=away, from.

<i>Nouns—</i>	fore castle	onslaught	un belief
aside	fore father	onrush	undertone
aftergrass	fore head	outbreak	underling
afterhold	forepaw	outcast	underclothes
afternoon	fore sail	outlaw	under soil
afterthought	in come	outlay	up stairs
be half	in sight	outlook	up shot
be hoof	mis doubt	outside	uproar
be heat	mis chief	over dose	welfare
be lief	naught	overseer	welcome
be quest	off cast	to day	well being
by gone	off shoot	to morrow	well wisher
	on fall	un rest	with drawal

for=utterly against; fore=before.

<i>Adjectives—</i>	for sworn	un aware	un known
a wake	for gone	un true	un muzzling
a sleep	for said	un lucky	up right
alone	for hand	un shorn	up stairs
al mighty	in born	un taught	up ward
all wise	in bred	un felt	well born
all good	in felt	un fitting	well bait
for lorn	in shore	un wisely	well off
	over land	un wonted	

be=over, to make; en or em=to make.

<i>Verbs—</i>	em bolden	mis do	un make
a bode	em better	mis lead	un wear
a light	em bark	mis spell	un yoke
be come	en grave	mis shape	under go
be dight	en lighten	out last	under write
be gin	en twine	out wit	up head
be long	en able	over ride	up hold
be lieve	en close	overwhelm	up lift
be sight	en shroud	un cut	up root
be numb	in fold	un furl	ut ter
be spent	in wrapt	un fasten	with draw
be wail	mis become	un knot	with hold
	mis call	un lock	with stand

Exercise 4.—Make nouns by putting prefixes before the following —

(a) Deck, growth, life, path, road, standard, way, finger, cart, coast, right, side, door, bay, line, coast, right, bird, truth, Brown, coast, growth. (b) Let rush. It fall, some, set some, low, deep.

Exercise 1.—Make subjects by putting prepositions before the following —

(c) Land, head, stairs, hand. (d) Love, laden, gotten, washed, happy,
broken, known, head, worthy, stir, wary, shut, come

Exercise 1 — Make verbs by putting prefixes before the following —

(e) Night, dew, battle, joy, wear, hook (f) Numb, dear, noble,
(g) Make, deck, druggle, smear, thank, hold, fall, else, doubt,
give, like, take, bid, grow, ride, run, shine, come, do, bear,
reach, shoot, line, bend, learn, loose, twist, be, take, will, miss,
have, start, rise, turn, stand, stretch, bear, look, ask

SUFFIXES

A letter or syllable that is placed after a word or after a root to modify its meaning and form a new word is called a **Suffix**; as health, friendly, cloudless, cleanse

af, and, ark, at, av, star, yet = the one who age, dom, head, hood, ing,
ledge, lock, mess, red, ry, ship, t, ter, th - state, ric, power, ing,
making abstract nouns and class names, el, en, et, ing, let, ling, kin,
ock = little, sh, la = with which.

[illegible]

big, white, brown, blithe, weary, clean, low, weak, eight, nine, four, six. (c) Forget, sink, trap, wrinkle, curdle, shelter, ridden, sicken, dread, heed, tire, shake.

Exercise 11.—Make verbs from the following by means of suffixes —

(a) Hand, card. (b) Deep, broad. (c) Grip, alone, fail

WORDS FORMED BY A SIMPLE LETTER CHANGE.

(1) Nouns are formed from other nouns and from verbs by a simple change; as, *clod* from *clot*, *lit* from *eat*, *food* from *feed*, *choice* from *choose*.

(2) Adjectives are formed from nouns and verbs by a simple change, as, *hot* from *heat*, *proud* from *pride*, *chill* from *cool*, *close* from *close*.

(3) Verbs are formed from nouns, adjectives, and verbs by a simple change, as, *knot* from *knot*; *gild* from *gold*, *heal* from *whole*, *fill* from *full*, *chop* from *chop*.

Exercise 12.—Form nouns corresponding to the following — Prove, be here, live, weave, speak.

Exercise 13.—Form adjectives corresponding to the following — Length, breadth, pride, strength, save.

Exercise 14.—Form verbs corresponding to the following — Blood, safe, chill.

LESSONS IN COMPOSITION.¹

General Rules.—The object of Composition is to express thought simply, clearly, and correctly.

To attain this object, it is necessary when writing a sentence (1) to use the right word, (2) to use the right form of the word, (3) to arrange the words in the right order.

I Use the right word.

(i) The simplest word is often the best.

EXAMPLES: *Two ships left the port* (p. 5) is better than
Two navigable vessels departed from the port
He rose to his feet again (p. 90) is better than
He resumed an erect posture

But only use the simplest word if it fully expresses your meaning.

EXAMPLE: *Marnet's sensibility returned* (p. 89) is better than
Marnet's senses came back.

¹ This section is intended chiefly to suggest material and method for the teacher's oral lessons. Acquaintance with a few of the most common terms of grammar is presupposed.

because (1) *sensibility* is more exact than *sense*; (2) *came back* would apply better to something which actually moved from one place to another, (3) the three monosyllables coming together do not sound so well as the two words of more syllables.

(ii) Avoid the use of slang, or vulgar words.

Do not write *awfully good* when you mean *very good*; or *lanner* when you mean a *surprizing-piece*, or *ain't* for *are not*; or *like* for *as*, e.g. *I write like he does* should be *I write as he does*.

(iii) Avoid the use of fine words, and of words which say more than you mean.

EXAMPLE: *Along the deck are penned the live stock, all tenderly nurtured by the butchers* (p. 101).

Carefully tended would generally be better than *tenderly nurtured*, which is here used purposely to make fun of the extreme care exercised on board ship by the butchers.

(iv) Distinguish between words which are somewhat alike in meaning.

EXAMPLES: A *large* man and a *great* man are very different. We saw a *tall* man, but a *tallish* tower. We *consent* to a course proposed, but *comply* with a request.

EXERCISES.

1. *Substitute simpler words for the words in italics*.—It was very *similar* to his little sister. He continued the *action* which had been *arrested*. His fingers *encountered* soft warm curls. Here sat *Egypt*, *dis-couraging* to her small boat. To his *blurred* vision it seemed as if there were gold on the floor. Elias bent his head low to *examine* the *marvel*.

2. The voice was chirping a *joyous* strain. This device very much *reduces* the friction. A ship was *constructed* for the work. Strict *disci-pline* is *maintained*. The *astonishment* of the consul may be imagined. She assumed an *inferior* position.

II. Use the right form of the word.

(i) Nouns and Pronouns in the plural number must be followed by Verbs in the plural.

EXAMPLES: *The two men ate their dinner. They was ill. Was you there?* are all wrong, and should be

The two men ate their dinner. They were ill. Were you there?

(a) A word like *crowd*, which means a number of persons, may have either a singular verb or a plural verb, according as the persons are considered as individuals, or as forming one body.

* The teacher should discuss *was* and *were* with the pupils any slight difference in sense occasioned by the substitution.

EXAMPLES: *The crowd is rushing after them* (p. 105) is right, the speaker evidently meaning that the people are rushing like one man; but *the crowd were discontented* is also right, the meaning being that the various persons forming the crowd were discontented.

(b) The verb must agree with the noun or pronoun to which it actually belongs, and not to the one that happens to be nearest to it.

EXAMPLES: *Do with us business and curra was done* (p. 83). *The last of the wagons is turning the corner* (p. 105).

(c) Sometimes a subject plural in form takes a singular verb.

EXAMPLE: *The first two hours gives you the mastery* (p. 16).

In cases like this, the explanation depends on the meaning. The above sentence clearly means 'the (patience exercised during the) first two hours gives you the mastery'.

(u) Take care that pronouns are in the right case after the verb *to be*, and after prepositions.

Write *It is she*, not *It is her*; *You are taller than I*, not *You are taller than me* (because you understand *than I am*), *Between you and me*, not *Between you and I* (because prepositions are followed by the objective case).

(uu) Distinguish the past tense from the passive participle of verbs.

Write *I have begun*, not *I have began*, and *I began*, not *I begun*. Write *I went*, but not *I have went*, which should be *I have gone*.

(iv) Remember that the Relative Pronoun agrees with its antecedent in number, gender, and person, but not necessarily in case.

EXAMPLES: *He is the man (nom.) whom (obj.) we know* (not *which we know*).

We found a boy (obj.) who (nom.) pleased us (not *which pleased us*).

The movements which (not who) produce (not produces) sound are rapid.

(v) Use the subjunctive mood where the condition expressed is an impossible one, or one which you do not believe will be realized.

EXAMPLES: *It seemed as if there were gold on the floor* (p. 89; clearly there was not).

If the golden-crested wren were a nightingale (p. 29, the condition is clearly impossible).

III. Arrange the words in the right order.

(i) The usual order is: Subject, with its qualifying words;

Predicate, with its qualifying words; Object, with its qualifying words.

EXAMPLES: *Sūas* (subj.) *fell on his knees* (pred. and qual. phrase).

The porridge (subj.) *stopped* (pred.) *the cries of the little one* (obj. and qual. phrase).

(ii) Qualifying words should be placed as near as possible to the words they qualify. Adjectives usually precede the noun; adjective phrases and clauses come after it. Adverbs usually come after intransitive verbs; they often precede a transitive verb, or come after the object.

EXAMPLES: *He had left* (trans. verb) *his weapons* (object) *on a lake* (qual. phrase to verb) *which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach* (adj. clause qual. *ledge*).

I was short and a flourishing one.

A wind that follows fast (adj. clause qual. wind).

It only (adv. to lit up) *lit up* (trans. verb) *more distinctly* (adv. to lit up) *the little round form* (obj. preceded by adjectives) *of the child* (phrase qual. obj.).

(iii) Qualifying words, phrases, and clauses frequently stand first in the sentence.

EXAMPLES: *For one week more the fire blazed in the old man's room.*

In utter amazement, Sūas fell on his knees.

When they join us in keeping Christmas, it is their time of summer holidays.

EXERCISES.

1. Copy out the following sentences, arranging the words in their usual order.—On the right of the plate is a lovely mandarin's country house. On an island in the river lives the young gardener's mother. Behind them comes the mandarin himself with a long whip. On the bridge are the gardener and the mandarin's daughter. Around us drifted sand heaps. Near is the remembrance of the trial church.

2. The bare walls are adorned of many a hat. Their garments were striped and fringed of many colours. Blagial was on the Indians the effect. The chief engineer had gone below to take night watch some hours before over the engine. Under it was a sprig of heather we had found on his breast in his cabin. An insect mistaken, flying through the air, the g' turning drops for honey on the testicles.

Structure of Sentences.—A piece of composition that consisted solely of single simple sentences would form very unpleasant reading. To secure ease, brevity, and clearness, and to show the connection between the separate statements, several statements are often united in one sentence.

(i) Two or more simple statements that have some connection in meaning may be joined by means of conjunctions.

EXAMPLE: We shall come. We shall see you again.

We shall come and see you again (p. 98)

(ii) Several statements may be combined in one sentence by means of conjunctions, relative pronouns, and phrases.

EXAMPLE: The meadow was searched in vain, and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness (p. 91).

Here five statements are combined (1) The meadow was searched in vain; (2) he got over the stile into the next field; (3) he looked towards a small pond; (4) his hope was dying; (5) the pond was now reduced to its summer shallowness.

The chief statements are (1) and (2), (3) and (4) give the circumstances attending the action in (2), and are therefore turned into the phrase looking with dying hope, &c., and (5) describes the pond, and is turned into the qualifying clause which was now reduced, &c. The words by which the combination is effected are underlined.

(iii) In combining statements, use the shortest way if that is simple and clear.

EXAMPLE: Dear is the remembrance of the ruined church (p. 27). Here are two statements: (1) The church was covered with ivy, (2) the remembrance of that church is dear. These might have been combined into (a) Dear is the remembrance of the church which was covered with ivy (clause), or (b) . . . church covered with ivy (phrase); but (c) ruined church is just as simple and clear, and is to be preferred.

EXERCISES.

A. Combine the following statements in single sentences by means of conjunctions.—1. We lost twelve men. We lost some camels. We lost other beasts of burden. 2. Ali burst into loud peals. Many wept. 3. He studied the habits of the Arabs. He ventured to join one of their caravans. 4. The old man held out his hat. Not a single copper fell into it. 5. He had discovered the North-west Passage. He had not sailed through it.

B. Pick out the separate statements in paragraph beginning "People who have never lived", on page 27.

C. Combine in single sentences.—1. I kissed it and rubbed hands and forehead upon it. At the same time I narrowly observed it. I came away feeling quite sure of this. The black stone is an idol. 2. I was escorted by several dark looking officials. The officials inquired my name. The officials inquired my nation. The officials inquired other particulars. 3. Give me some money. The money will be returned from London.

D. Combine in single sentences.—1. Martin drew from inside his shirt a small battle-axe. Martin handed it to Howard. 2. It was a tool.

The like of it in shape Hereward had seldom seen. He had never seen its equal in beauty. 3. She had arrived at a spot. There her footsteps were no longer checked by a bedgerow. 4. The little one rose on its legs (use *participial phrase*). The little one toddled through the snow. It was wrapped in a grimy shawl. The grimy shawl trailed behind it (use *participial phrase*). 5. Some people had risen to their feet. A large number remained kneeling. All faces were intently watching him.

E. Substitute shorter forms for the words in italics by changing clauses into phrases, &c. — 1. A figure, which was covered from head to foot in black cowl and mantle, had entered. 2. A path, which turned at an angle, led down a steep slope. 3. A single oak, which was twisted and gnarled, stretched itself over the pool, and formed a fork with its boughs. 4. It is a high hill which is half covered with furze and heath, and which sinks down to a large pond which is almost a lake, and which is covered with water-fowl. 5. Seamen who had just been paid off were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, which had been celebrated by the greatest of poets as the scene of the tricks played by *Falstaff*.

Inversion.—The usual order of words in a sentence is very frequently changed, by placing the predicate before the subject, or other parts in unusual positions. This is called inversion.

(i) Inversion is the rule in questions, and after quotations of words used.

EXAMPLES: *Why was it for us that a breakfast was waiting?*
"There's the Captain," cries a red faced schoolboy.

(ii) Inversion is employed to secure emphasis; that is, to give special importance to a particular part of a statement.

EXAMPLE: *Right across British North America, stretches one of the most wonderful railways ever constructed* (p. 29).

Here both the subject and the qualifying words to the predicate are made emphatic by their unusual position.

(iii) Inversion is employed in order to bring near to one another words which are connected.

EXAMPLE: *Some Dutch merchants brought from China some remarkable specimens of porcelain. Among these were tiny tea-kits, &c.* (p. 61).

(iv) In poetry, inversion is employed for the above reasons, and also for the sake of rhythm and rhyme.

EXAMPLES: (1) *And from dark alley, yard, and den,
 Troop hither tiny sons of men* (p. 54).

Here the order is changed to secure rhythm (the second line could not be arranged otherwise without ceasing to be a line of verse), and the rhyme *den—men*.

(2) *Cold shines the maiden moon* (p. 123).

Here the order is changed to get emphasis on *cold* (because the stanza describes winter), and to rhyme with *June*.

EXERCISES.

A. Arrange in the usual prose order the inverted sentences in—1. "The Sheep and the Goat", last two stanzas (p. 55). 2. "The Ploughboy's Song" (pp. 122, 123). 3. "The Battle of Agincourt", first five stanzas (pp. 128, 129).

B. Rewrite in usual order the inverted sentences on page 84.

C. Rewrite in usual order the inverted sentences on pages 104 and 109.

D. Explain the reason of the inversion in the following cases—1. Sweet be thy meads o'er moorland and lea (p. 111). 2. His steeds to water at those springs On chalcid flowers that lie (p. 111). 3. Safely sleeps the farm (p. 123). 4. Tired we are of summer (p. 136).

Punctuation.—To make the meaning of a piece of writing quite clear, various signs are used, called points, and by means of these the passage is said to be punctuated.

(i) The comma (,) is the point most frequently used. It is used (a) To mark off any phrase or clause that is to be considered a distinct part, as:

The emphatic reply was, "Without valours there is no heaven".

(b) Between sentences connected by conjunctions when the connection is close, as:

He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand.

(c) After nouns, verbs, and adjectives when *and* is omitted, as:

(1) Throughout the ship are distributed smithies, carpenters' shops, fore-house, doctor's surgery, and an immense kitchen.

(2) His men faced every hardship, braved every danger.

(ii) The semi-colon (;) is used

(a) Between sentences which, though connected, are long or complex, or when the connection is not close, as:

Behind the vanguard we came, some on horseback and some in palanquins; and more men in black gowns brought up the rear.

(b) Between different members of a series of statements, as

Its fish feeds them; its oil illuminates and warms their dark huts; its waves make their bed-mats.

(iii) The full stop (.) is put at the end of a complete sentence

(iv) The mark of interrogation (?) is used after a question, and the mark of exclamation (!) after an interjection, or a sentence expressing surprise, wonder, or admiration, as:

Gold! (p. 19). Was it a dream? (p. 20).

EXERCISES

A. Insert sentences in the following sentences — 1. He raised her in arms and went to the door. 2. Now like a little mouse watching opportunity she stole quietly from her corner around the screen, hid in the bed again. 3. At four that afternoon I knocked and had at the door of Lord Lynnhole's room. 4. As they approached a white mist upon the horizon shone black against the bright blue sky far lessily away and sank down the cliff. 5. The vast plain was covered with detachments returning from the woods all in confusion.

B. Insert words in the following sentences — 1. These sciences been kept out of Egypt's reach but the click of them had a powerful attraction for her ear. 2. From the side of the window, it was to make any attempt at stopping the blood and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket. 3. I looked the earth was under me I saw the clear blue sky. 4. She raised not her eyes her head drooped she weeps not she groans not but she sighs inaudibly at intervals. 5. The reinforcement is old, I am free to confess that it is somewhat remote, I will not altogether deny that it is any the worse for the most sturdily genuine.

C. Punctuate the following two sentences — It was in a hollow on the top of a steep ascent upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession Four or five men foremost advanced guard wrapped in long loose greatcoats that hid their tall figures as the large slouched hats drawn over their brows concealed wild features dark eyes and swarthy faces.

D. Punctuate the following four sentences — When I retired to the awful scene still followed me the whistling of the wind the rigging sounded like funeral wailing the creaking of the straining and groaning of the bulkheads as the ship laboured withering sea were frightful as I heard the waves rushing along of the ship and roaring in my very ear it seemed as if Death were round this floating prison seeking for his prey the more startling the yawning of a seam might give him entrance.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. Write in your own words the story of Captain Scott (see pp. 82, 83).
2. On p. 93 there are some stars marking a break in the story. Write three sentences explaining what you think happened to her refusal to leave Silas and her wedding.
3. Give a short account of any procession you have seen (see pp. 134-35).
4. Describe any storm you remember (see pp. 134-35).
5. Describe any natural object you have seen when taking a walk.

✓ A BRIEF ENGLISH GRAMMAR

[The sections indicated by a wavy line in the margin should be left until the rest has been studied]

THE SENTENCE

1. A sentence consists of a number of words which, taken together, make complete sense

(a) *A fair wind bore them away westward*

(b) *The ships had been provisioned for only three years*

2. Every sentence consists of two parts, the SUBJECT PART and the PREDICATE PART:

EXAMPLE: *The brave crew of the "Fox" fought the bitter cold of the Arctic seas.*

Fought the bitter cold of the Arctic seas is the part that makes the statement, and is therefore called the PREDICATE PART of the sentence.

The PREDICATE PART when read by itself requires, to make sense, an answer to the question formed by putting *who* or *what* before it.

The statement is made about *The brave crew of the "Fox"*, which is therefore called the SUBJECT PART of the sentence

Thus the SUBJECT PART is the answer to the question asked by putting *who* or *what* before the PREDICATE PART, *as, Who fought the bitter cold of the Arctic Seas? Answer, The brave crew of the "Fox"*

3. The SUBJECT PART may be broken up, and so also may the PREDICATE PART:

EXAMPLE: (a) *This buoyant spirit infected all the hundred and thirty members*

Here the SUBJECT PART, *This buoyant spirit*, is made up of the name *spirit*, which in analysis is called the subject, and of the words *this* and *buoyant*, which qualify *spirit*.

The SUBJECT PART therefore consists of (1) subject and (2) qualifying words.

4. The PREDICATE PART is made up of *infected*, which is called in analysis the predicate, and *all the hundred and thirty members*, which is called the object.

The PREDICATE PART in this sentence consists of (1) predicate and (2) object.

EXAMPLE: (b) *Golden bells of welcome rolled never forth such notes of welcome.*

Here the SUBJECT PART consists of *bells*, the subject, and *golden*, qualifying words.

The PREDICATE PART consists of *rolled*, the predicate; *never forth*, qualifying words; *notes*, object; *such*, qualifying word.

The PREDICATE PART therefore here consists of (1) predicate, (2) qualifying words; (3) object, (4) qualifying word.

EXAMPLE: (c) *The British consul will give you some money.*

Here the SUBJECT PART consists of *consul*, the subject, and *British*, qualifying words to the subject.

The PREDICATE PART consists of *will give*, the predicate; *you*, the direct object; *some*, qualifying word to object; *money*, the indirect object.

5. While every sentence must have a subject, only certain sentences have an object.

EXAMPLE: (a) *Around his drifted sand-heaps.*

Here there is no object.

EXAMPLE: (b) *My blossomed pear-tree in the hedge scatters clover blossoms and dewdrops.*

Here *blossoms* and *dewdrops* form the object.

In the hedge qualifies *pear-tree*, and on the clover qualifies *scatters*, of words like *in the hedge* and on the clover are called phrases.

6. A phrase is a group of words without a subject, predicate, and forming a separate part of a sentence.

7. A clause is a distinct part of a sentence, having a subject and predicate of its own, but not making a complete sense.

(a) *Whoever wakes in England (subj) sees that the lowest hermit may lead (obj).*

(b) *Our countrymen, who were quite defenceless (qualifying subj), instantly jumped into the boat.*

(c) *The Eklima produced some small articles about the efforts of the mining ships (qualifying words to obj).*

(d) *The times they enjoyed most (adj) were when they could (part of pred).*

(e) *Whoever they come to a stopping place (qualifying word) she would file forward.*

The QUALIFYING WORDS to the subject or object are words or clauses that answer one of the following questions with a

subject or object: *What sort? How many? How much? Which?* e.g. *Two ships left the little port of Greenhulke. Two answers: "How many ships?" little "What sort of port?" the end of Greenhulke, "Which port?"*

The QUALIFYING WORDS to the predicate usually state with regard to it some circumstance of time, place, manner, or cause. In other words, they answer the questions asked with respect to the predicate by the interrogatives, *When? Where? How? Why?*

8 When a sentence has only one subject and one predicate it is called a Simple Sentence:

(a) *A fair wind bore them away westward*

(b) *Along the coast, like a giant host, the glittering icebergs frowned.*

9 When a sentence has one or more clauses in it, it is called a Complex Sentence:

They complained that, when they sold their potatoes, they did not get a piece of money for every one of them.

Here there are two clauses: (1) *that they did not get a piece of money for every one of them*, which is the object, i.e., what they complained about, (2) *when they sold their potatoes*, which tells the time when they did not get a piece of money. Notice that each of these clauses has subject, predicate, and object.

10. When two or more sentences are joined together, they form a Compound Sentence

EXAMPLE: *More tiny dewdrops gleam in the sunshine, and the hungry leaf is ready once more to entice unwary insects*

Here there are two portions, each making complete sense, and therefore each a sentence—

(a) *More tiny dewdrops gleam in the sunshine, and*

(b) *The hungry leaf is ready once more to entice unwary insects.*

The and shows that the second portion does not stand alone, but has a connection with the previous sentence, of that sentence, however, it forms no part, and is therefore distinguished from a clause

SCHEME OF ANALYSIS.—Simple Sentence.

EXAMPLE: *The chief engineer had gone below some hours before, to take the night watch over the engines*

1st scheme—

{	engineer	subject.
{	The chief.....	qualifying words to subject.
{	had gone.....	predicate.
{	below	qualifying word to predicate (place).
{	some hours before	qualifying phrase to predicate (time).
{	to take the night watch	
{	over the engines	qualifying phrase to predicate (reason).

2nd scheme.

Sentence or clause.	Kind and relation.	Connective.	Subject and qualifying words.	Predicate and qualifying words.	Object and qualifying words.
1. At the moment when he had stopped the mad career of the engine one of the flying rods had dashed to the ground the cool young head.	Complex sentence.		one of the flying rods	had dashed (pred) to the ground (place) at the moment when he had stopped the mad career of the engine (time) had stopped	the cool young (qual words) head (obj.)
2. When he had stopped the mad career of the engine.		when	he		the mad career of the engine

✓ EXERCISES. ✓

Analyse.—1. As the ships had been provisioned for only three years, people began to be seriously alarmed. 2. There could no longer be any doubt that the whole expedition had perished. 3. They learned from the Eskimo that one of the ships had sunk in deep water. 4. We will startle the world, I trow, when we find a way through the northern seas that never was found till now. 5. A heavy sleep that was dark and deep came over their weary eyes. 6. When I reached the bridge steps I met the captain running down.

✓ PARTS OF SPEECH. ✓

11. A Noun is a name; as, *Graeme, Scotsman, steam, stairway, arm, rest, chance, &c.*

An Adjective is a word depending on, or qualifying, a noun; as, *sleeping flannels, keen gray eyes, four braves, the third engineer.*

A Pronoun is a word that is a substitute for a noun; as, *We (the writer and others) carried him (Graeme) on deck, and*

2nd scheme—

Subject.	Qualifying Words	Predicate.	Qualifying Words.	Object.	Qualifying Words.
engineer	the chief	had gone	below (<i>place</i>) some hours before (<i>time</i>) to take the night watch over the en- gines(<i>reason</i>).

EXERCISES.

Analysis.—1. A stout good ship is the *Erebus*. 2. They bade fare-
well to their pleasant homes with three hearty cheers for their
native isle. 3. This railway passes through an endless variety of
scenery. 4. On the slopes around the station and car hundreds
of men were already grouped. 5. Our party had seats on a low
platform. 6. In the front rank all the chiefs had taken their places.
7. Sir John Macdonald answered Crowfoot in a kind speech. 8. In
a round shallow hole dug in the prairie four braves crouched. 9. The
effect on the Indians was magical. 10. The drummers, shouting
wildly, brandished their long naked arms. ↓

SCHEME OF ANALYSIS.—Complex Sentence.

EXAMPLE: *At the moment when he had stopped the mail career of
the engine, one of the flying, broken rods had dashed to the ground the
cool young head.*

1st scheme

{ one subject.
 { of the flying broken rods qualifying phrase to subject.
 { had dashed predicate.
 { to the ground qualifying phrase to predicate (*place*).
 { At the moment when he
 { had stopped the mail career
 { of the engine qualifying words to predicate (*time*).
 { when connective.
 { he subject.
 { had stopped predicate.
 { career object.
 { the mail, of the engine qualifying words.
 { object.
 { A young qualifying words to object.
 { arm, not intended that all these Exercises should form work for a single

2nd scheme.

Sentence or clause.	Kind and relation.	Connective.	Subject and qualifying words.	Predicate and qualifying words.	Object and qualifying words.
1. At the moment when he had stopped the mad career of the engine one of the flying rods had dashed to the ground the cool young head.	Complex sentence.		one of the flying rods	had dashed (<i>pred</i>) to the ground (<i>place</i>) at the moment when he had stopped the mad career of the engine (<i>time</i>)	the cool young (<i>qual. words</i>) head (<i>obj</i>)
2. When he had stopped the mad career of the engine.	qualifying clause to moment	when	he	had stopped	the mad career of the engine

✓ EXERCISES. ✓

Analyse—1. As the ships had been provisioned for only three years, people began to be seriously alarmed. 2. There could no longer be any doubt that the whole expedition had perished. 3. They learned from the Eskimo that one of the ships had sunk in deep water. 4. We will startle the world, I trow, when we find a way through the northern seas that never was found till now. 5. A heavy sleep that was dark and deep came over their weary eyes. 6. When I reached the bridge steps I met the captain running down. ✓

PARTS OF SPEECH.

11. A Noun is a name; as, *Graeme, Scotsman, steam, stairway, arm, rest, chance, &c*

An Adjective is a word depending on, or qualifying, a noun; as, *sleeping flannels, keen gray eyes, four braves, the third engineer.*

A Pronoun is a word that is a substitute for a noun; as, *He (the writer and others) carried him (Graeme) on deck, and*

laid him (Gramme) for one more short rest among all his (Gramme's) belongings in his own (Gramme's) small cabin. I (the writer) intended to push on for Mecca by a quick caravan which (the caravan) started a little later than the others (rest of caravans).

A Verb is a word which states or asserts; as, Winds are loud. Burton determined to visit Mecca. The pilgrims were lone-
footed. My friend wrapped up the precious gift.

An Adverb is a word that qualifies a verb, or an adjective, or another adverb; as, Burton studied closely. Her face had become very small. He could speak Arabic very well. The caravan started a little later than the others.

A Preposition is a word put (usually) before a noun or a pronoun, and forming with it a qualifying phrase; as, No European had ever crossed the desert by this route. The beasts died in numbers. The want of water is the great trouble.

A Conjunction is a word used to join words, clauses, or sentences; as, We had another fight before we got to Mecca; and a splendid camel in front of me was shot through the heart.

NOUNS.

12. The subject and the object of a sentence are nouns, or words or phrases or clauses used instead of nouns; as,
Our chief was very brave (subject).
He charged the robbers (object).

A noun is used (1) as the subject of a sentence, as, A crowd had gathered. (2) As the object of a sentence, as, A glorious moon lighted our tripod. (3) As a qualifying word to some other noun; as, The First Lord hesitated to give the command to a man of Sir John's age. (4) Following a preposition and forming with it a qualifying phrase, as, We went at dawn, the word to take the dogs and set off for long wild among the distant mountains.

13. Nouns are either Proper or Common; as, Lady Burton (proper) and her husband (common) found themselves riding alone.

A Proper noun is a name that can be used only for one thing in the same sense, as, Sir John Franklin, Canada, Joe, Gramme, Montreal.

A Common noun is a name that can be used equally well for each the individuals that make up a class; as, engineer, lad, brother, chance.

EXERCISES.

A. Pick out nouns in the first stanza of "The Song of the North"; state how they are used.

B. Select Nouns in the first paragraph of 'A Journey to Mecca'—L. Say (1) whether they are proper or common, (2) whether they are used as subject or as object or as qualifying words, or (3) whether they form with prepositions qualifying phrases.

C. (1) Select the complex sentences in the first two paragraphs of "Lady Burton". (2) Point out in each complex sentence the separate clauses, and (3) say with what words they are connected.

NUMBER.

14. When a noun signifies one object only, it is said to be of the singular number; when it signifies more objects than one, it is said to be of the plural number; as,

sing. <i>robber</i> ,	sing. <i>cry</i> ,	sing. <i>boy</i> ,
plur. <i>robbers</i> ;	plur. <i>cries</i> ,	plur. <i>boys</i> .

15. The PLURAL of nouns is made by adding -s to the singular, as,

sing. <i>place</i> ,	sing. <i>prayer</i> ,
plur. <i>places</i> ;	plur. <i>prayers</i>

(1) When the singular ends in s, sh, ch, x, or z, the plural is formed by adding -es, as,

sing. <i>box</i> ,	sing. <i>brush</i> ,
plur. <i>boxes</i> ,	plur. <i>brushes</i>

(2) Most nouns ending in f or fe form their plural by changing the f or fe into ves, as,

sing. <i>shelf</i> ,	sing. <i>wife</i> ,
plur. <i>shelves</i> ,	plur. <i>wives</i>

(3) When the singular ends in y with a consonant before it, the y is changed into i before adding es; as,

sing. <i>baby</i> ,
plur. <i>babies</i>

(4) Some nouns make their plural in en, as,

sing. <i>ox</i> ,
plur. <i>oxen</i>

(5) Some nouns make their plural by changing the vowel, as,

sing. <i>man</i> ,	sing. <i>foot</i> ,
plur. <i>men</i> ,	plur. <i>feet</i>

EXERCISES.

1. Pick out the nouns in "Lady Burton" (page 22, from "A glorious moon" to "the distant mountains"). 2 Give their singular

form and their plural form. 3. Make a list of the nouns used as *subject*. 4. Make a list of the nouns used as *object*. 5. Name the nouns used with prepositions to make qualifying phrases and state what they qualify. 6. Pick out (a) phrases qualifying nouns, (b) phrases qualifying verbs.

GENDER.

16. We distinguish nouns that are names of males from nouns that are names of females, and both from nouns that are names of inanimate things. This distinction we call Gender.

Names of males are masculine gender; as, *boy, soldier, husband, shepherd, lion*.

Names of females are feminine gender; as, *woman, mother, wife, sister, daughter*.

Names of inanimate things are neuter gender; as, *stump, tent, city, desert, moon, bread*.

Names that are names of either males or females are common gender; as, *servant, native, settler, cousin, inhabitant*.

EXERCISES.

A. Give the gender of—Englishman, world, sailor, soldier, settler, trader, explorer, country, Christmas, Atlantic, home, grandfather, skies, inhabitant, shepherd, neighbour, friend, picture, exile, dinner.
 ✓B. Analyse and parse. —1 He sings each song twice over. 2 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew the buttercups. 3 That's the wise thrush.

MODES OF MARKING GENDER.

17. We mark Gender in English

(1) By using different terminations for the masculine and the feminine; as,

masc. *murderer*,
 fem. *murderess*.

(2) By using entirely different words; as,

masc. *boy*,
 fem. *girl*.

(3) By joining with the noun some other word to show the gender; as,

masc. *man-servant*,
 fem. *maid-servant*.

EXERCISES

(a) Give the masculine of *queen, she-bear, wife, nun, mother, lady, girl*.

(b) Give the feminine of *man, prisoner, horse, husband, giant, brute, lad, hero, prophet, shepherd, brother, male-attiler*.

CASE OF NOUN OR PRONOUN

13. Every sentence contains a subject, and many sentences contain both a subject and an object.

When the subject of a sentence is a noun (or *pronoun*), that noun (or *pronoun*) is said to be in the nominative case.

When the object of a sentence is a noun (or *pronoun*), that noun (or *pronoun*) is said to be in the objective case.

When a noun (or *pronoun*) follows a preposition it is also said to be in the objective case.

The case of a noun (or *pronoun*), therefore, means now simply the particular duty that the noun (or *pronoun*) performs in the sentence though formerly it meant the special form given to the noun (or *pronoun*) on account of the duty it performed.

13. There are three cases—the Nominative, the Objective, and the Possessive.

A noun (or *pronoun*) is said to be in the possessive case when it is connected with another noun in such a way as to show ownership, origin, or some similar close connection; as, *the pilgrim's horse, his fellow pilgrims; on hour's travel*.

Here the words *pilgrim's, his, and hour's* show that *the pilgrim owns a horse*, that *he is accompanied by other pilgrims*, and that *the travel lasts for an hour*. These words are said, therefore, to be in the possessive case. It will be noticed that the noun (or *pronoun*) in the possessive case differs in form from the same noun (or *pronoun*) in the nominative case *pilgrim becomes pilgrim's, he becomes his, and hour becomes hour's*.

EXERCISES

✓ *Parse the nouns and pronouns.*—1. Wherever ^Tthey wander, they like to carry the ways of England with them, thinking no other country's customs so good as their own. 2. Our Canadian cousins can be sure of the kind of weather we call *seasonable* at Christmas. 3. Lucky for him if he have friends there from whom he can expect letters or presents.

RULES FOR CASES OF NOUNS AND PRONOUNS.

20. Nominative Case.—A noun or pronoun is in the nominative case:

- (1) If it be the subject of the sentence; as, *Long hair fell on his shoulders. Ninety-seven pilgrims came on deck.*
- (2) If it mean the same thing, and occur in the same sentence, as another noun in the nominative to which it is a qualifying word; as, *My man, Hamid, returned hurriedly from the bazaar.* The noun *Hamid* is here said to be nominative in apposition to my man.
- (3) If it follow a verb of incomplete predication (that is, a verb like to be, &c., which takes after it a noun meaning the same as the subject and agreeing with it in case); as, *The rant of water is the great trouble of a caravan journey.*
- (4) If it be the name of the person or thing addressed; as, "To your arms, men!" roared Sir Nigel Loring. This is called the nominative of address.
- (5) If it be combined with a participle to make a qualifying phrase, as, *The signal having been given, a wave of wild action followed.* This is called the nominative absolute.

21. Objective Case.—A noun or pronoun is in the objective case:

- (1) As object after a transitive verb, as, *Our chief charged the robbers. Give me some money.*
- (2) As facilitive object or noun made by the verb to qualify the object; as, *This news hath made thee a most ugly man.*
- (3) As indirect object, that is, as word answering the question asked by putting for or to whom or what after the verb and direct object; as, *I will give you the other hundred.*
- (4) After a preposition, as, *Two stout Meccans raised me in their arms.*
- (5) In apposition to a noun or pronoun in the objective case (it is added to it as a qualifying word), as, *They found a paper, only record of the expedition which was ever discovered.*
- (6) After an intransitive verb of a similar form or meaning, itself; as, *They dreamed strange dreams.*
- (7) When it answers the question "When?" as, *We reached town next morning. The prairie is still a moment before even*

with *harrying figures*, or "How long?" as *All the pilgrims stood uncovered. I waited a moment*, or "How much?" as *He then put on two new cotton cloths, each six feet long*. or "How often?" as, *I walked seven times round the famous black stone*. or "Where?" as, *I'll ride home to-morrow. Forty seven miles*. or "What?" as *We carried Mecca we put on the pilgrim's garb*.

22. Possessive Case.—A noun or pronoun is in the possessive case:

(1) When by its form it marks the owner &c. that is, when its form shows that it is simply a word qualifying another word in the sentence; as *Squat's eyes* began to roll. He put on *the pilgrim's garb*.

(2) When it means the possessor &c. and the word qualifying it to it or qualifying it is possessive in form. as *He said to me, I, the traveller's Arabs found out where he was going*. *He said to me, I, the traveller's Arabs found out where he was going*.

Note that *Burton the traveller* and similar forms are *double compound nouns*.

EXERCISES

1. Analyse the sentences and parse the nouns.—1. The snow lay all the winter through. 2. When we are going to bed they ought to be getting up. 3. The bare walls of many a hut are adorned throughout the year with those brightly coloured pictures. 4. Plum puddings are sometimes sent all the way from England for the Christmas dinners.

FORMATION OF POSSESSIVE CASE

23. THE POSSESSIVE CASE is formed by adding 's to the nominative as, *Squat's eyes*.

The ' (*apostrophe*) only is added to make the possessive plurals of nouns whose plurals end in s, as, *the girls' names*.

Singular words of two or more syllables whose nominatives end in s or in an s sound, add only ' to form the possessive. as, *Brutus' Portia; For justice' sake*.

EXERCISES

A. Give the possessives of—*butcher, spider, butcher's, hunter, child, area, cousins, shepherd, soldiers, country*.

B. Analyse.—1. There are five hundred plants which support their life on insects. 2. The bladderwort lives suspended in water. 3.

When the danger is past it tries to get back. 4. It is from this that the plant gets its name of sun-dew. 5. The hungry leaf is ready once more to entice and capture unwary insects.

ADJECTIVES.

21. An adjective is a word which, being added to a noun, describes the thing more fully and definitely; as,

harmless insect, wonderful plant, hair-like needles, slender stem.

Adjectives are also employed to qualify pronouns or other words or phrases that are used as nouns, as, Fresh from the games of school life, he was first.

22. Adjectives are (1) Adjectives of quality; as, little animals. Little answers the question What sort of? and is therefore called an adjective of quality.

(2) Adjectives of quantity, as, Five hundred plants. Five hundred answers the question How many? and is therefore called an adjective of quantity.

The whole expedition had perished. Whole answers the question How much? and is therefore called an adjective of quantity.

(3) Adjectives of distinction; as, This gaudy melon-flower. This answers the question Which? and is therefore called an adjective of distinction.

EXERCISES.

A. Select the adjectives in paragraphs 1-3 of "Flesh-eating Plants", and say of what sort each is.

B. Analyse.—1. In spring the buds elongate. 2. By and by, when the danger is past, it tries to get back. 3. There are plants which accept what food comes to them in this way. 4. It is from this that the plant gets its name of sun-dew. ✓

COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES.

23. The form of the adjective is varied only to denote degrees of quantity or quality; as,

great, greater, greatest.

There are three degrees of comparison: the positive, as, broad; the comparative, as, broader; and the superlative, as, broadest.

✓ 1. The positive degree is the adjective in its simplest form; as, long, glad, able, heavy.

✓ 2. The comparative degree is formed by adding *-er* to the positive; as, *long-er*, *glad-d-er*, *able-r*, *hear-r-er*

✓ 3. The superlative degree is formed by adding *-est* to the positive; as, *long-est*, *glad-d-est*, *able-st*, *hear-r-est*

4. Rules 2 and 3 are followed in the case of (1) adjectives of one syllable, as, *pos. proud*, comp. *proud-er*, sup. *proud-est*; (2) adjectives of two syllables with the accent on the final syllable; as, *pos. unkind*, comp. *unkind-er*, sup. *unkind-est*; and (3) adjectives of two syllables ending in *e* or *y*; as, *pos. active*, comp. *active-r*, sup. *active-st*, *pos. mighty*, comp. *might-er*, sup. *might-est*

5. Most adjectives of two syllables, and all adjectives of more than two, make their comparative by putting *more* before the positive, and their superlative by putting *most*, as, *graceful*, comp. *more graceful*, sup. *most graceful*, *elegant*, comp. *more elegant*, sup. *most elegant*

✓ The following are compared irregularly —

Positive.	Comparative	Superlative
good	better	best
bad, evil, ill	worse	worst
much or many	more	most
little	less	least
old	older or elder	oldest or eldest
near	nearer	nearest or next
late	later or latter	latest or last
far	farther	farthest

✓ EXERCISES.

Compare.—Curious, many, near, large, tiny, stiff, some, thin, sweet, bright, wonderful, smooth, small, clear, delicate, glittering, sticky, hungry, original, ready, unwary, unknown, disheartening, empty, sad, terrible, green, good, secret.

B. 1. Select the adjectives on page 46. 2. State of what sort each is. 3. Give the noun to which each is joined. 4. Compare those that can be compared

C. Analysis.—1. At some distance from the others an old man stood with outstretched hat. 2. I felt that I was getting red. 3. Why should I have a comfortable room and a blazing fire, while he had to wander about the street all day long to get his food?

✓ D. Parse fully the nouns and adjectives in the above.

PRONOUNS.

27. A Pronoun is a word that is a substitute for a noun; as,

Her (the monkey's) *breathing* was so short, and *we* (the speaker and the old man) could hear how *it* (the breathing) rattled in *her* (the monkey's) throat.

When the danger is past it tries to get back. 4. It is from this that the plant gets its name of sun-dew. 5. The hungry leaf is ready once more to entice and capture unwary insects.

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A *pronoun*, called in some languages "a universal name", is a word that can be used for the name of anything.

Without doing, for the time, the name of the thing, a pronoun will also be shown some relation; as, *Why should not we be a little kind to him*

We shows the persons who is speaking, who, in this case, speaks for himself and for all who hear him; *him* shows the person who is spoken about, the other man.

25 Pronouns are classified as personal, relative, interrogative, demonstrative, indefinite.

26 Personal pronouns are so called because they mark differences of person. The *first personal pronoun* marks the person who is speaking, the *second* the person spoken to, and the *third* the person or thing spoken about.

1 Personal pronouns, like nouns, have number, gender, and case.

2 Number. The plural is not formed by adding terminations to the singular; but singular and plural have different forms.

3 Gender. Only the third personal pronoun in the singular has different forms marking gender.

4 Case. Case is shown by means of case forms.

The following table shows the variations of the personal pronouns for number, gender, and case.

		Singular			Plural		
		I am	Thou	He	I am	They	Do
1st Person		I	you or thou	he	we	you or they	is
2nd "		thou	thy or thine	thee	ye or you	you or yours	are
3rd "	Man	he	his	him	they	their or theirs	is
3rd "	Woman	she	her or hers	her			is
3rd "	Animal	it	its	it			is

John, John, his, hers, his, hers, yours, theirs are used when a noun follows. They indicate possession, and may be used as the subject or object of a sentence.

John's, John's are mine, mine, my, my are his.

EXERCISES

1. *John says — I am happy to hear that we have got it at last. It is not yet the thing they desire. It is not yet the thing they desire. It is not yet the thing they desire.*

2. *John says — I am happy to hear that we have got it at last. It is not yet the thing they desire. It is not yet the thing they desire.*

3. *John says — I am happy to hear that we have got it at last. It is not yet the thing they desire. It is not yet the thing they desire.*

RELATIVE PRONOUNS.

30. A relative pronoun, besides being a substitute for a noun or pronoun, joins one clause or sentence to another clause or sentence;
as,

(a) *Shall I give the skin to an ill-natured fellow who refuses me his diamond?*

(b) *The leaves form winter buds which are pulled down into the water by the decaying stem.*

31. The relative pronouns are who, which, and that, and sometimes what, as, and but

1. Who (singular and plural) is used for persons, and has possessive whose, objective whom

2. Which (singular and plural) is used for animals and things, and has possessive whose, objective which.

3. That (singular and plural) applies both to persons and things

32. The noun or pronoun for which the relative stands is called the antecedent, and the relative agrees with its antecedent in number, gender, and person.

The RELATIVE PRONOUN is often omitted. This omission is most common when the relative, if expressed, would be in the objective case; as, *The Russian horseman not only robbed him of all (that) he had, but they were going to kill him.*

The antecedent is sometimes omitted, as, (The man) *Who loves to live with me, come hither*

What = the thing which, as after such or some, and but = that not, which not, &c., are relatives; as, *I was rather surprised by what (= the thing which) I had seen. Not a holiday fool there but would (= who would not) give a piece of silver*

The relative often introduces an adjective clause, but it must not be forgotten that it may introduce a sentence or an adverbial clause.

The relative can in some cases be broken up into a conjunction (and, although, because, for) and a pronoun, as, *Open a path for the Hays who (= because he) would enter the house. Give me some money, which (= and it) will be returned from London.* This is called the co-ordinating use of the relative

Sometimes it cannot be so broken up, as, *I always carried a lump of sugar for any dog friend which I might possibly make. I looked at the big pile of wood that lay beside the stove.*

This is called the restrictive use, the clause introduced by the relative being simply equal to an adjective.

EXERCISES

A. Study — 1. Stripping the rim and crown he went till crown from rim was deep. 2. Having finished he went the horse back into the wood. 3. Through the smoke he saw the lion in the air above him. 4. The lion must have died in the air when he bounded on receiving the fatal shock.

B. Turn the personal pronouns on page 24.

C. 1. Pick out the relative pronouns in "Sachse's Tale." 2. Give their antecedent in each case. 3. Say whether they are used in a restrictive or co-ordinating sense. 4. In the latter case give the conjunction and pronoun by which the relative might be replaced.

D. From the words in italics: 1. Hearing of intentions to keep up with him, he pursued the outlaw. 2. The man through's answered the crowd, saying: "Ye are the chief, we'll do that." 3. The stranger was looking back in a way which showed that he had seen the Forest of Arden.

INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS

11. The interrogative pronouns, *who*, *whom*, *what*, and *whose*, are *who*, *which*, and *what*, and their comparative *whichever*, *whichever*, and *whatsoever*.

Who is he? *Whom is the master?*

Who is well? The person, which he person and things, and which he is well.

What is said in the sentence without subject or predicate?

12. The demonstrative pronouns are *this* and *that*, with their plural *these* and *those*. *This* is a / *new* / *man* / *is* / *here*.

13. The relative pronouns are *who*, *which*, *what*, *whom*, *whose*, *whichever*, *whichever*, and *whatsoever*. *Who is he?* *Whom is the master?* *Who is well?* *Whom is the master?* *Who is well?* *Whom is the master?* *Who is well?* *Whom is the master?*

Who is he? *Whom is the master?* *Who is well?* *Whom is the master?*

Who is he? *Whom is the master?* *Who is well?* *Whom is the master?*

EXERCISES

A. From the words in italics: 1. Hearing of intentions to keep up with him, he pursued the outlaw. 2. The man through's answered the crowd, saying: "Ye are the chief, we'll do that." 3. The stranger was looking back in a way which showed that he had seen the Forest of Arden.

A BRIEF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

VERBS

36. The verb is a word which asserts; as,

- (1) *A child-like youth rushed forward.* (2) *He fell without a*
(3) *Sounds are by no means uncommon.*

37. Verbs are (1) transitive, (2) intransitive, or (3) verbs of complete predication.

1. A transitive verb requires an object after it (word answering question asked by *whom?* or *what?*) to complete the sense, as, *His small hands* (*what did his hands bear?*) the colours of the gallant Twenty-third (*obj.*)

2. An intransitive verb does not need an object after it, as, *A crash.* (No answer can be given to the question, *Whom* or *what* did a *crash*?)

3. Incomplete verbs are verbs like "to be" that express a meaning vague and general as to be without sense unless some word—noun, adjective, or adverb—be joined with them, as, *He became king.* *The grey grew white.* Notice that in these cases the word added has a close connection with the subject, and cannot be mistaken for an object.

EXERCISES.

A. Pick out the verbs in stanzas one and two of "The Heir of the Alma", and say whether each is *transitive*, *intransitive*, or *complete*.

B. Analyse the following, and say of what sort the verbs are — 1. I say there is no need to wonder about it, for we know that *annoyance* caused by the slamming of a door. 2. If there were no air there would be no sound. 3. You notice that, when I strike the key levers to which it is joined cause a little hammer to fall on a wire.

VOICE

38. Transitive verbs have two voices—the active voice and the passive voice.

39. A transitive verb is in the active voice when the subject of the sentence is represented as doing an action or exercising a faculty; as,

(i) *I tap the ball at one end.*

(ii) *I hear the bell.*

In (i) the verb expresses an action, in (ii) no action is expressed, the exercise of a faculty.

40. A transitive verb is in the passive voice when the subject of the sentence is represented as the person or thing acted upon, or in relation to whom or which a faculty is exercised; as,

(i) *One is hit by the vibrating wire.*

(ii) *The cry of a bat cannot be heard by some people.*

In (i) the subject, *one*, is acted on by the agent, *the wire*, in (ii) *the cry of the bat* is the thing in relation to which the faculty of hearing is exercised.

1. If the doer of the action is mentioned, the name must be connected with the verb by means of a preposition.

2. The passive voice is made by putting the various parts of the verb to be before the passive participle of the verb.

EXERCISES.

A. 1. Select the verbs in the first 15 lines of p. 77. 2. State of what kind they are. 3. In the case of transitive verbs, say whether they are active voice or passive voice.

B. *Analyse, and parse the words in italics.*—1 The boats were piloted by two Spanish prisoners who were promised their liberty if they acted faithfully. 2. Hastening up a narrow street, the attacking party marched towards a large square in which the governor's house was situated. 3. As the British entered the square they received one volley from the merchants who owned the treasure, and who had placed themselves in a gallery that ran round the governor's house.

MOOD.

41. There are five moods—the indicative, subjunctive, imperative, infinitive, and participles.

42. By mood is meant the character of the assertion—whether a statement of fact, or a possibility, or a command, &c.

1. The indicative mood states a fact or asks about a fact; as, *Captain Maxwell removed the encampment to the summit of a neighbouring hill, How many vibrations will produce a sound?*

2. The subjunctive mood states a condition or hypothesis; as, *If the world be worth thy winning, think, O think it worth enjoying; If the explosion be good natured the vessel is sometimes turned into a travelling menagerie.* It is used in dependent sentences.

3. The imperative mood conveys a command, a request, or an entreaty; as, *Though they do one be (rob)) ten, be not amazed.*

4. The infinitive mood is the verb used as a noun—that is, as the subject or object of another verb, or as the object after certain prepositions as, *To offend and to judge are distant offices, I offered to avow his regard for private friends, I and some cloud cannot choose but fall by partisans, murdering associates be executing, why, then thou art an executioner*

The infinitive *in -ing* differs from the verbal noun *in -ing* in that it may govern an object and that it is qualified by adverbs, not by adjectives as, *Killing birds is a cruel sport*

Both forms of the infinitive, the form with *to* before it and the form *in -ing* with a preposition before it, when used to indicate purpose or to qualify a noun, are called gerunds, as, "They sell the pasture now to buy the horse"; Hence arises the custom in Japan of measuring distances by horse's paces.

5. The participles are parts of the verb used generally as adjectives or to form compound tenses; as, *An over-driven sheep, I was driving home*

EXERCISES.

Analyze the following, and parse the words in italics—1 Robin, the cobbler, biche and gay, busily worked till the curfew rang 2 Rest is none from ambition's strain 3 Then sudden he heard the tremulous string Robin's sweet carol accompanying 4 When Robin was out at a job one day, the nobleman hid a gold-bag in the hay of the cobbler's pillow 5 Scarce had the nobleman turned away, ere he heard the fiddler begin to play

TENSE.

43. Tense is the name given to the forms which the verb takes to indicate the time of that which is affirmed.

There are only two real tenses (that is, tenses distinguished by their form) in English, the present indefinite and the past indefinite, as, *Captain Marryat tells* (present) *as he had* (past) *a large baboon in his ship*

44. There are really three divisions of time, the present, the past, and the future.

What is called the future tense in English is made by using *shall* or *will* with the infinitive of the verb.

1. A statement, with regard to time, present, past, or future, may be indefinite or perfect, so that there are six tenses usually given in a complete mood

The perfect tenses are formed by using the verb *to have* with the passive participle, that is, the participle which ends usually in *-d* or *-t* or *en*.

2. Each of these tenses has in the active voice also an incomplete or progressive form made by using the corresponding tense of the verb *to be* before the participle in *-ing* In the passive voice only the present and past tenses of this form are used.

TENSES.

		INDIVIDUAL			PRESENT		
		Present.	Past	Future	Present.	Past.	Future
ACTIVE VOICE		(I) turn.	(I) turned.	(I) shall turn.	(I) have turned.	(I) had turned.	(I) shall have turned.
	Progressive Form.	(I) am turning.	(I) was turning.	(I) shall be turning.	(I) have been turning.	(I) had been turning.	(I) shall have been turning.
PASSIVE VOICE		(I) am turned.	(I) was turned.	(I) shall be turned.	(I) have been turned.	(I) had been turned.	(I) shall have been turned.
	Progressive Form.	(I) am being turned.	(I) was being turned.				

EXERCISES.

A. Pick out verbs in "Poor Robin" (page 83), and state the tense of each.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in *italics*—1. A girl *had wandered* away from her mother, who *lay dead* in the street. 2. He *thought* he *had been* too long standing at the door. 3. *Being* towards the hearth where the logs *had fallen* apart, he *sat* himself on his *fireside* chair.

PERSON.

45. Person is the form of the verb which shows who the subject is the person speaking, the person spoken of or the person or thing spoken about.

Only in the 2nd and 3rd person singular of the present indicative in the 2nd person singular of the past, does the English verb vary for person. The variation of the 2nd person is only used now in poetry and in prayers, so that the 3rd personal form is practically the only one in general use.

The person endings of the present tense are: 2nd person *est* or *st*; 3rd person *ing*, *s* or *eth* or *th*. Of the past tense the person endings are: 2nd person *est* or *st*; 3rd person *ing*, *s* or *eth* or *th*.

The subjunctive mood has no person endings.

NUMBER

46. When we speak of the number of a verb we merely mean distinguish whether its subject is singular or plural, the verb being of the same number as the subject, as, *She slipped from his tr* (sing.); *The books slipped from her hand* (plur.)

EXERCISES.

Analyze the sentences, and parse the words in italics — 1. *He had* *l* his *scissors* on a ledge *which*, *Eppie's* arm was long enough to reach. 2. The *idea* that she *might* run away again, gave him unusual resolution. 3. It was not until he *had* carried her home that he *recollect* the need that he should punish *Eppie*.

STRONG AND WEAK VERBS.

47. The verbs that make their past tense merely by a vowel change are said to be strong verbs or irregular verbs; as, *pre*, *write*, past *wrote*.

48. The verbs that add a *d* (or *t*) sound to make the past tense are called weak or regular verbs, even if they also change the vowel sound, as, *pres*, *tell*, past *told*; *pres*, *grant*, past *granted*.

Strong verbs formerly made their past participles in *en*, as many *do*.

EXERCISES.

A. Select the verbs in the first two paragraphs of "Eppie" — III. 1. Say whether each is strong or weak. 2. Give the past tense and the past participle of each.

B. *Analyze the sentences, and parse the words in italics* — 1. *We sh* want for nothing when we *have* our daughter. 2. He *says* he *has* nobody in the world till I was *sent* to him. 3. I'll *cleave* to him as long as he *lives*.

CONJUGATION OF VERBS.

49. Verbs are conjugated as follows. —

INDICATIVE MOOD.				SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.			
<i>Sing.</i>		<i>Present Tense</i>			<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Present Tense</i>	
1st. (I)		grant	write	am	1, 2, 3. If (I), thou, or he		
2nd. (Thou)		granted	writest	art			grant, write, or be.
3rd. (He)		grants or granteth	writes or writeth	is	<i>Plur.</i>		
<i>Plural.</i>					1, 2, 3. If (we, you, or they)		grant, write, or be.
		1, 2, 3. (We, you, or they)	grant, write, or are				

<i>Sing.</i> <i>Past Tense</i>				<i>Sing.</i> <i>Past Tense.</i>			
1st. (I)	granted	wrote	was	1, 2, 3	If (I, thou, or he)	granted	wrote were.
2nd. (Thou)	grantedst	wrotest	wast				
3rd. (He)	granted	wrote	was				
<i>Plural.</i>				<i>Plur.</i>			
1, 2, 3	(We, you, or they)	granted, wrote, or were.		1, 2, 3.	If (we, you, they)	granted	wrote were.
Imperative Mood				grant			
Infinitive Mood.				to grant			
Participles				{ Pres. granting			
				{ Past. granted			
				write			
				to write			
				writing			
				written			
				be			
				to be			
				being			
				been			

EXERCISES.

A. Select the verbs in the last stanza of "A Child's Laughter", and state their mood, tense, person, number.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in *italics*.—1. Throughout the ship *glows* the electric *light*, which also *provides* powerful search-lights for night-work. 2. When the *ship returns*, the buoy *has to be picked up*. 3. One of *them*, watching his opportunity, springs on the buoy.

AUXILIARY VERBS.

50. English being deficient in tense forms, &c., the various tenses, &c., are made up by means of certain verbs, called on that account auxiliary or aiding verbs, such as *have*, *shall*, *will*, *do*.

INDICATIVE MOOD.					SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.	
<i>Sing.</i> <i>Present Tense.</i>					<i>Sing. Present Tense.</i>	
1st. (I)	have	shall	will	do	1, 2, 3.	If (I, thou, or he)
2nd. (Thou)	hast	shalt	wilt	doest		have, shall, will, do
3rd. (He)	has or ha's	shall	will	does or doth		
<i>Plural.</i>					<i>Plural.</i>	
1, 2, 3.	(We, you, or they)	have, shall, will, or do.			1, 2, 3.	If (we, you, or they)
						have, shall, will, do.
INDICATIVE MOOD.					SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.	
<i>Sing.</i> <i>Past Tense.</i>					<i>Sing. Past Tense</i>	
1st. (I)	had	should	would	did	1, 2, 3	If (I, thou, or he)
2nd. (Thou)	hadst	shouldst	wouldst	didst		had, should, would, or did.
3rd. (He)	had	should	would	did		
<i>Plural.</i>					<i>Plural.</i>	
1, 2, 3.	(We, you, or they)	had, should, would, or did.			1, 2, 3.	If (we, you, or they)
						had, should, would, or did.
Imperative Mood					do	
Infinitive Mood					to do	
Participles					{ Pres. having	
					{ Past. had	
					doing	
					done	

EXERCISES

A. Select and parse the verbs in the paragraph beginning "Pretty nearly" on page 105.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics.—1. The boats were piloted by two Spanish prisoners who were promised their liberty if they acted faithfully. 2. Before the boats could reach the shore, the Spaniards in the fort had got ready one of their cannon. 3. This made them redouble their efforts.

USE OF AUXILIARIES.

51. Shall or will followed by the infinitive makes the future tense, as, *I shall write to-morrow*, *You will never be a braver man*.

In forming the future tense shall is invariably used for the 1st person and will for the 2nd and 3rd.

52. Have and its past had followed by the passive participle make the perfect and pluperfect tenses respectively, as, *They have battled with storms* (perfect), *He had heard* (pluperfect) *that there was a large sum of money in the custom-house*.

Shall have for 1st person and will have for the others followed by the passive participle makes the future perfect tense, as, *They will have retired* (future perfect).

53. The verb to be followed by the participle in ed or en forms the passive voice, as, *The boats were piloted by two Spanish prisoners who were promised their liberty*. The verb to be followed by the participle in ing forms the progressive form of the verb, as, *Trees are growing*.

54. The verb to do followed by the infinitive makes the emphatic form of the verb and also the interrogative form, as, *Do you admire Anna?* *I do admire all brave men*.

EXERCISES

A. Select the verbs in the nine lines from Shakespeare on pp. 111, 112, and parse them fully.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics.—1. It is not long ago, *quoth they*, *that England fought with Spain*. 2. And they vowed that *they would make a prize of our "Angel Gabriel"*. 3. Then *they fled into Calda, where lie they must for fear lest they should meet again with our "Angel Gabriel"*.

53. CONJUGATION OF THE REGULAR VERB TO LIFT.

PRINCIPAL PARTS: *Present, Lift; Past, Lifted; Pass. Part., Lifted.*

ACTIVE VOICE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) lift.
 " 2. (Thou) liftest.
 " 3. (He) lifts or *eth*.
Plur. (We, you, they) lift.
Prog. form: (I) am lifting.
Emphat. form: (I) do lift.
Interrog. form: Do (I) lift?

Past Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) liftest *st*.
 " 3. (He) lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) lifted.
Prog. form: (I) was lifting, &c.
Emphat. form: (I) did lift, &c.
Interrog. form: Did (I) lift? &c.

Future Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) shall lift.
 " 2. (Thou) wilt lift.
 " 3. (He) will lift.
Plur. 1. (We) shall lift.
 " 2. (You) will lift.
 " 3. (They) will lift.
Prog. form: (I) shall be lifting, &c.
Emphat. form: (I) will lift. (Thou) shalt lift, &c.

Perfect Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) have lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) hast lifted.
 " 3. (He) has lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) have lifted.
Prog. form: (I) have been lifting, &c.

Pluperfect Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) had lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) hadst lifted.
 " 3. (He) had lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) had lifted.
Prog. form: (I) had been lifting, &c.

PASSIVE VOICE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) am lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) art lifted.
 " 3. (He) is lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) are lifted.
Prog. form: (I) am being lifted.

Past Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) was lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) wast lifted.
 " 3. (He) was lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) were lifted.
Prog. form: (I) was being lifted, &c.

Future Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) shall be lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) wilt be lifted.
 " 3. (He) will be lifted.
Plur. 1. (We) shall be lifted.
 " 2. (You) will be lifted.
 " 3. (They) will be lifted.

Perfect Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) have been lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) hast been lifted.
 " 3. (He) has been lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) have been lifted.

Pluperfect Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) had been lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) hadst been lifted.
 " 3. (He) had been lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) had been lifted.

Future-perfect Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) shall have lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) wilt have lifted.
 " 3. (He) will have lifted.
Plur. 1. (We) shall have lifted.
 " 2. (You) will have lifted.
 " 3. (They) will have lifted.
Prog. Form: (I) shall have been lifting, &c.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.**Present Tense.**

Sing. (I, thou, he) lift.
Plur. (We, you, they) lift.
Prog. form: (I) be lifting, &c.

Past Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) lifted.
 " 3. (He) lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) lifted.
Prog. form: (I) were lifting, &c.

Future Tense.

Sing. (I, thou, he) should lift.
Plur. (We, you, they) should lift.
Prog. form: should (I) be lifting,
 or (I) should be lifting.

Perfect Tense.

Sing. (I, thou, he) have lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) have lifted.
Prog. form: (I) have been lifting, &c.

Pluperfect Tense.

Sing. (I, thou, he) had lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) had lifted.
Prog. form: (I) had been lifting, &c.

Future-perfect Tense

Sing. (I, thou, he) should have lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) should have lifted.
Prog. form: (I) should have been lifting, &c.

Future-perfect Tense

Sing. 1. (I) shall have been lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) wilt have been lifted.
 " 3. (He) will have been lifted.
Plur. 1. (We) shall have been lifted.
 " 2. (You) will have been lifted.
 " 3. (They) will have been lifted.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD**Present Tense**

Sing. (I, thou, he) be lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) be lifted.

Past Tense.

Sing. 1. (I) were lifted.
 " 2. (Thou) were lifted.
 " 3. (He) were lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) were lifted.

Future Tense

Sing. (I, thou, he) should be lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) should be lifted.

Perfect Tense

Sing. (I, thou, he) have been lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) have been lifted.

Pluperfect Tense.

Sing. (I, thou, he) had been lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) had been lifted.

Future-perfect Tense

Sing. (I, thou, he) should have been lifted.
Plur. (We, you, they) should have been lifted.

IMPERATIVE MOOD

Present Tense

Sing and Plur. *lift*

INFINITIVE MOOD

Present Tense (To) *lift*Perfect Tense (To) *have lifted*

PARTICIPLES

Present *lifting*Perfect *Having lifted*

IMPERATIVE MOOD

Present Tense

Sing and Plur. *Be lifted*

INFINITIVE MOOD

Present Tense (To) *be lifted*Perfect Tense (To) *have been lifted*

PARTICIPLES

*Lifted*Present *Being lifted*Perfect *Having been lifted*

ADVERBS

54. An adverb is a word that qualifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb.

EXAMPLES *A huge catfish was spending along. At their first entrance full thirty did we kill. So many men lay dead.*

55. Adverbs are classed as (1) Adverbs of place, answering the question where? whither? whence? as, *here, there, thither, thence.*

(2) Adverbs of time, answering the question when? how long? or how soon? how often? as, *now, ever, seldom.*

(3) Adverbs of manner, answering the question how? as, *wisely, slowly, steadily.*

(4) Adverbs of degree, answering question how? as, *enough, far, very.*

(5) Adverbs of cause, answering question why? as, *why, wherefore.*

(6) Adverbs of affirmation or denial; as, *yes, no, perhaps.*

Adverbs of manner and some adverbs of degree are compared pos. *well*, comp. *better*, sup. *best*.

While an adverb may either precede or follow the verb it qualifies, it invariably precedes the adjective or adverb.

EXERCISES.

A. Select and classify the adverbs and adverbial phrases and adverbial clauses in the first 20 lines of page 114.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in *italics*.—1. The Brahmins who tend temples and trees await with eagerness the arrival of the sacred monkeys. 2. When the animals find it impossible to break the strong sheets of ice, they set off for lands where they can

and either water or snow to give refreshment to their parched tongues.

PREPOSITIONS

23. A preposition is a word put before a noun or a pronoun to make a qualifying phrase.

EXAMPLES: *In the tundras of Russia* (= Russian) *the lemmings increase very fast.* *A living stream flows from the heights* (= downwards) *to the low grounds* (tells whither). *Our bark is on the waters*.

A phrase does the work of a single part of speech

A phrase qualifying a noun is therefore an adjective phrase and one qualifying a verb is an adverbial phrase

EXAMPLES: *The tread of the light little creatures* (adv. phrase) *hollows out smooth paths.* *The procession lasted for three whole days* (adv. phrase).

EXERCISES.

A. Select the prepositions in "The Ploughboy's Song" write out the phrase of which each forms a part, say whether the phrase is adjective or adverbial.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics — 1. *Lurking in the background was a large polar bear which had taken the scent of the old sea-horse.* 2. *These remain on duty only a short time.* 3. *As we did so the ships thundered forth a salute*

C. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics — 1. *Every time that this rod was brought to the ground with the jerk of authority, it emitted a loud jingle which was heard far and wide through the crowd.* 2. *The excitement of maid servants in our country, when the strains of martial music fall upon their ears, was nothing to it.*

CONJUNCTIONS

24. A Conjunction is a word used to connect words, clauses, or sentences.

EXAMPLES: *Their cessation is sudden and downy.* *The heat is stifling, but people seek to close every avenue of approach.*

EXERCISES.

A. Select the conjunctions on page 144. State the words, clauses, or sentences each joins.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics. — 1. *'Tis the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen.* 2. *I felt instinctively that I stood on the threshold of a new world.* 3. *The light was the reflection which the white masses of ice always throw up when the air is thick as it was that night.*

KINDS OF CONJUNCTIONS.

60. Conjunctions are divided into (1) Co-ordinate conjunctions—conjunctions joining independent sentences, and (2) Subordinate conjunctions—conjunctions joining a clause to the sentence of which it forms a part.

EXAMPLES: *Sail was still further shortened till* (subordinate) *we had but the topsails left, but* (co-ordinate) *we still rushed onwards. Precisely and* (co-ordinate) *silently were they obeyed.*

CO ORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS.

61. CO-ORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS are (1) copulative; *as, and, also*; (2) disjunctive; *as, either, or, else*; (3) adversative, *as, but, yet*; and (4) illative, *as, for, therefore*.

Copulative and disjunctive conjunctions sometimes join words or phrases or clauses of equal value in a sentence.

EXERCISES.

A. Select the co-ordinate conjunctions on page 150; say what each joins.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics.—1 When a message came recalling him to England he was nothing loth to say good-bye to them. (2) He had not left Lake Nyasa far behind when his caravan was smitten with the dread scourge of those regions, small-pox. 3 Truly, as a knight of modern chivalry, he was without fear and without reproach.

SUBORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS.

62. SUBORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS are

(1) those introducing a noun clause; *as, that, whether*. EXAMPLE: *He accidentally learned that an expedition to the Central African Lakes was being fitted out.*

(2) An adverbial clause; *as, when, since, if, that*. EXAMPLE: *If he was only a boy in years, he had the heart of a strong man.*

(3) An adjective clause; *as, where, when*. EXAMPLE: *This is one of the rare spots where the fish may be taken thus*

The relative words *where, when, &c.* like the relative pronouns, have a restrictive and a co-ordinating use which must be distinguished. *as, They are at the head of the Bay of Fundy where (=and there) the tide reaches a maximum speed of ten miles an hour (co-ordinating). There will come a time when (this cannot be divided) the service of God shall be the holding of him (restrictive).*

EXERCISES

Select the subordinate conjunctions on pages 169, 170, say what kind of clause each introduces

CLAUSES, &c.

63. Instead of the noun as subject or object of the sentence we may have—

(1) A pronoun, (2) an adjective, (3) an infinitive phrase, (4) a participial phrase, (5) a clause.

EXAMPLES

- (1) You might have kept your weather eye open (pronoun).
 - (2) The two walked along the road (adj.).
 - (3) To hear is to obey (inf. phrase).
 - (4) Walking in the country is pleasant (participial phrase).
 - (5) Where he had gone was not known (clause).
- Mat remembers that it is the last point for mules (clause)

A noun clause is very often used in apposition to the impersonal subject it; as, It is not known where Moses was buried

EXERCISES

Pick out the noun clauses in "How the White Company was Disbanded.—I. and II." Say whether they are subject or object.

64. Instead of an adjective to qualify a noun, we may have (1) a noun or pronoun in possessive case, (2) a noun in apposition, (3) an infinitive phrase, (4) a participial phrase, (5) a prepositional phrase, (6) a clause.

EXAMPLES

- (1) So dated the story of Joseph Thomson's African explorations (noun poss.).
- In vain his knights stormed against the thin line (pron. poss.)
- (2) "To your arms, men!" roared Sir Nigel Loring, their leader (noun in appoa.).
- (3) He found a book to read (inf.).
- It was no time now to think of pain or ache (inf. phrase).
- (4) They pass sea-gulls fighting over the dead fish (part. phrase).
- (5) David laughs at the queeriness of the incident (prep. phrase).

KINDS OF CONJUNCTIONS.

60. Conjunctions are divided into (1) Co-ordinate conjunctions—conjunctions joining independent sentences, and (2) Subordinate conjunctions—conjunctions joining a clause to the sentence of which it forms a part.

EXAMPLES: *Sail was still further shortened till* (subordinate) *we had but the topsails left, but* (co-ordinate) *we still rushed onwards. Precisely and (co-ordinate) silently were they obeyed.*

CO-ORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS.

61. CO-ORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS are (1) copulative; *as, and, also*; (2) disjunctive, *as, either, or, else*; (3) adversative; *as, but, yet*; and (4) illative, *as, for, therefore*.

Copulative and disjunctive conjunctions sometimes join words or phrases or clauses of equal value in a sentence.

EXERCISES.

A. Select the co-ordinate conjunctions on page 150; say what each joins.

B. Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in *italics*.—1. *When* a message came *recalling* him to England he was *nothing* *lost* to any good-bye to them. (2) He had not left Lake Nyasa far behind *when* his caravan was smitten with the dread scourge of those regions, small-pox. 3. *Truly*, *as* a knight of modern chivalry, he was without fear and without reproach.

SUBORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS.

62. SUBORDINATE CONJUNCTIONS are

(1) those introducing a noun clause; *as, that, whether*. EXAMPLE: *He accidentally learned that an expedition to the Central African Lakes was being fitted out.*

(2) An adverbial clause; *as, when, since, if, that*. EXAMPLE: *!! He was only a boy in years, he had the heart of a strong man.*

(3) An adjective clause; *as, where, when*. EXAMPLE: *This is one of the rare spots where the fish may be taken thus*

The relative words *where, when, &c.* like the relative pronouns, have a restrictive and a co-ordinating use which must be distinguished. *as, They are at the head of the line of Fado's where he reaches a maximum speed of ten miles an hour now a time when (this cannot be holding of him) (restrictive).*

EXERCISES

Select the subordinate conjunctions on pages 160, 170; say what kind of clause each introduces.

CLAUSES, &c

63. Instead of the noun as subject or object of the sentence we may have—

(1) A pronoun, (2) an adjective, (3) an infinitive phrase, (4) a participial phrase, (5) a clause.

EXAMPLES

- (1) *You* might have kept your weather eye open (pronoun).
 - (2) *The two* walked along the road (ad.)
 - (3) *To hear* is to obey (inf. phrase).
 - (4) *Walking in the country* is pleasant (participial phrase).
 - (5) *Where he had gone* was not known (clause).
- Mat* remembers *that it is the last point for miles* (clause)

A noun clause is very often used in apposition to the impersonal subject *it*, as, *It is not known where Mary was buried*.

EXERCISES

Pick out the noun clauses in "How the White Company was Disbanded.—I. and II." Say whether they are subject or object.

64. Instead of an adjective to qualify a noun, we may have (1) a noun or pronoun in possessive case, (2) a noun in apposition, (3) an infinitive phrase, (4) a participial phrase, (5) a prepositional phrase, (6) a clause.

EXAMPLES

- (1) *So closed the story of Joseph Thomson's African explorations* (noun poss.).
In vain his knights stormed against the thin line (pron. poss.).
- (2) "To your arms, men!" roared Sir Nigel Loring, *their leader* (noun in appos.).
- (3) *He found a book to read* (inf.).
It was no time now to think of pain or ache (inf. phrase).
- (4) *They pass sea gulls fighting over the dead fish* (part. phrase).
- (5) *David laughs at the queeriness of the incident* (prep. phrase).

(6) *It is the swimmers who are in danger of being carried off* (noun clause).

(7) *The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs* (adj. clause).

Note that adjective clauses, like adjectives (see section 214, qualify pronouns or phrases used for nouns.

EXERCISES.

A. Select the adjective clauses on pages 186, 187. Say what they qualify.

B. *Analyse the sentences, and parse the words in italics*.—1. *It was indeed a task which might make the heart of the bravest sink within him.* 2. *Twice he failed to reach the point at which he aimed.* 3. *He swung backwards and forwards until his hand reached the crack, when he left the rope and clung to the face of the cliff.* 4. *He had his hand stretched out for the horse's rein when a slingstone struck him on the head.*

C5. Instead of an adverb to qualify a verb, we may have (1) an infinitive phrase, (2) a participial phrase, (3) a prepositional phrase, (4) a clause.

EXAMPLES.

- (1) *To these waters he had come to gather leeches* (inf. phrase).
- (2) *The three stood looking down into the rocky ravine* (part. phrase).
- (3) *We can no longer form line across the hull* (prep. phrase).
- (4) *If help were brought us we might hold the crest until it comes* (clause).

EXERCISES.

A. Select the adverbial clauses on pages 194, 195. Say of what each consists.

B. *Analyse the sentences and parse the words in italics*.—1. *And turning to his men quoth our brave Harry then, "Though they to one be ten be not amazed".* 2. *Yet have we well begun; battle so bravely won, hath ever to the sun by fame been raised.* 3. *No less our skill is, than when our grandsire great, claiming the regal seat, lopped the French lilacs.*

INTERJECTIONS.

64. An interjection is an exclamatory word; as, *Alas!* It has no grammatical connection with other words.

